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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 191.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 31, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bassano*

Fame or Faith? Miss Maud MacCarthy, who has renounced her Violin to become a Student of Theosophy

Miss MacCarthy has for fourteen years been famous as a violinist, first as a prodigy, in which guise she delighted the late Mr. Gladstone, and later as a mature interpreter of classical music. Her announcement that she intends to forsake her art for a new faith—Theosophy—has been received with mingled regret and curiosity. Miss MacCarthy says that she has always had a profound reverence for Mrs. Besant, and that it is to Theosophy that she owes her artistic and intellectual progress

No. 191.—Vol. XV. Wednesday, July 31, 1907

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Modern Argentina." By W. H. Koebel. (Griffiths.)

"Rhodes's Steamship Guide." (Geo. Philip and Son: 2*s.*)

"The Dynamiter." By R. L. Stevenson and Fanny Van-de-Grift Stevenson. (Longmans: 2*s.*)

"My Devonshire Book." By J. Henry Harris. (The Western Morning News Co.: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Somerset." The Little Guides' Series. (Methuen and Co.: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Spirit of the Links." By Henry Leach. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Ferriby." By Mrs. Vere Campbell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday July 31, 1907

The Season has come to an end, and all the more fashionable people have already announced their departure from Town. In some cases, this may seem a pretentious thing to do, but the practice really springs from sheer kind-heartedness. It shows tradespeople that there is not the least use in coming round to one's house in the hope of personally discussing the bills, and thus saves a good deal of unpleasantness.

* * *

An oval-shaped billiard table, which renders the "anchor" and kindred strokes an impossibility, has recently been invented. Amateurs who find their present game spoilt by too great an ease in scoring should try the new table.

* * *

In dog-fancying circles some surprise has been expressed that Sir James Kitson, one of the new Peers, should have selected the title of Baron Airedale, as this is no longer considered one of the most popular breeds.

* * *

Now that Wolffe has failed to swim the Channel, other swimmers are going to make the attempt without the accompaniment of bag-pipes. Experts, however, concede that, even should these efforts prove successful, they would afford nothing like as good a test of a man's endurance.

* * *

Why the Suffragettes have been quiet lately

They found a temporary outlet for their energies in a strictly non-political movement—the July Sales

(By H. Hope Read)

Theatrical managers, already straitened by the rival attractions of music-halls and pageants, are shortly to receive another severe blow. A very large manufacturer has announced that the price of chocolates must be raised.

* * *

In reply to a correspondent, we may point out that Selsey is the Island of Seals—not of gulls. For seal-shooting, however, one should go further North. There is really no close time for gulls. We are unable to say if Chelsea is the Island of Chills. Romsey is, of course, the Island of Rum. It can be bought with safety at any good inn. Wittlesea may be the Island of Victuals. But we doubt it.

* * *

The fact that the Home Fleet was mobilised in an hour is, it appears, no such cause for self-congratulation as the Lords of the Admiralty have been imagining. As the critics have begun to point out, had the Home Fleet been of the proper proportions, the mobilisation would have taken at least an hour and twenty-five minutes.

* * *

Is the Franco-English Exhibition of 1908 to be run on Party political lines? We put the question because, in its preliminary advertisement, we notice that while one section is described as that of the Liberal Arts, another is to be known as that of the Fine Arts. To admirers of the Government the innuendo will be a painful one.

* * *

Two sharks ate two bathers off the Austrian Adriatic coast last week. The bodies—of the sharks—have not yet been recovered.

* * *

Everyone is sorry for Yi Fin, ex-Emperor of Korea. As long as he was Emperor, everything that went wrong (and practically everything did) was put down to him, and now that he is no longer Emperor, and things go worse, he is made out even more guilty. This is enough to make any man take poison, as Yi has threatened to do. We hope he will not carry out his threat. Poison is nasty stuff, and painful if you get the wrong kind. Besides, we understand that the Japanese have offered him a house in their own country, where the chrysanthemums are so fine. It is, perhaps, not much to offer in return for an Empire, but one can have lots of fun without being an Emperor.

* * *

"The judge's costume of wig and gown has often been stigmatised as quaint and out of date," writes a correspondent, "and now that the Recorder has condemned the ventilation of the New Bailey in such severe terms, an admirable opportunity is offered for changing to something more rational. I suggest a diver's suit, with air tube attached, and am certain that it would tend to clearer judgments." We offer our correspondent's suggestion to the Recorder, but think it would be only fair if counsel and prisoners were similarly accommodated.

RACING NOTIONS

THE GOODWOOD MEETING. By "CARBINE"

Orby and the St. Leger

What about Orby now? What are we to think of his extraordinary performance at Liverpool? His failure to concede substantial weight to a good colt like Linacre was not in itself remarkable, but that Earlston should have beaten him is simply inexplicable when we recall how easily Orby vanquished Mr. Joel's colt in the Derby. It is absurd to suppose that this was the classic winner's correct form. It was much too bad to be true. They say that there is something wrong with his wind. If this be really so, then the trouble has developed with amazing rapidity since Epsom. Anyhow, now that we know that Orby cannot be depended upon, few will support him with any confidence for the St. Leger, and Woolwinder looks like finishing a hot favourite for the Doncaster race. I think we shall have a very interesting St. Leger. True, Orby would scarcely have beaten a tolerably speedy donkey at Liverpool, but he *may* come out in his best form again on the Town Moor, while he and Woolwinder are likely to find a formidable antagonist from France in Mons. Caillault's Roi Herode, who ran so well in the Prix du Conseil Municipal last week.

Photos *Lewis*

Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's Trainer **Mrs. Marsh**

His Majesty, in congratulating his trainer on his recent successes, handed him a souvenir for his wife, which took the form of a handsome diamond brooch representing a racehorse with a jockey wearing the Royal colours

The Liverpool and Newbury Cups

Dinneford is one of the most improved horses in training, and his career this season reminds us rather of Polymelus's wonderful advance in form last year. Mr. Reid Walker's handsome horse stood out as a long way the best of the field contesting the Liverpool Cup last week, and he treated the others like a lot of commoners. He is just the sort to win the Cambridgeshire, and we shall be interested to see how the handicappers treat him in that event. With the exception of the Liverpool Cup, backers did badly in most of the chief races last week, and the failure of Noctuiform in the Newbury Summer Cup on Saturday added to the many disappointments which Mr. Buchanan's horse has caused since he came to this country. I suppose he will win a race one of these days, but that will be when everyone has got heartily tired of "expecting" him. Major Edwards declares that he is a good horse, and with Maher in the saddle, Noctuiform was strongly fancied at Newbury. But he left the finish to be fought out by the Duke of Devonshire's Fugleman and Mr. Singer's Manaton, of whom the former got up in the very last stride and made a dead-heat of it.

A Successful Meeting

The King honoured the young meeting with his presence on Saturday, and it was a most successful gathering. But the outsiders would keep turning up, and one of the greatest surprises was the downfall of the hitherto unbeaten two-year-old Prospector, who failed badly in his attempt to give weight to Lord Rosebery's Olympus, whose previous performances had not been much above plating form. This result tends further to complicate the question as to which is the best two-year-old of the season. White Eagle did not exactly cover himself with glory at the recent Sandown meeting, Prospector showed on Saturday that he is not really a wonder, and it only remains for Sir Archibald to disappoint us to make the critics aver that our young racehorses are rank bad, whereas, only a week or two ago, they were saying what a fine lot they appeared to be.

Selections

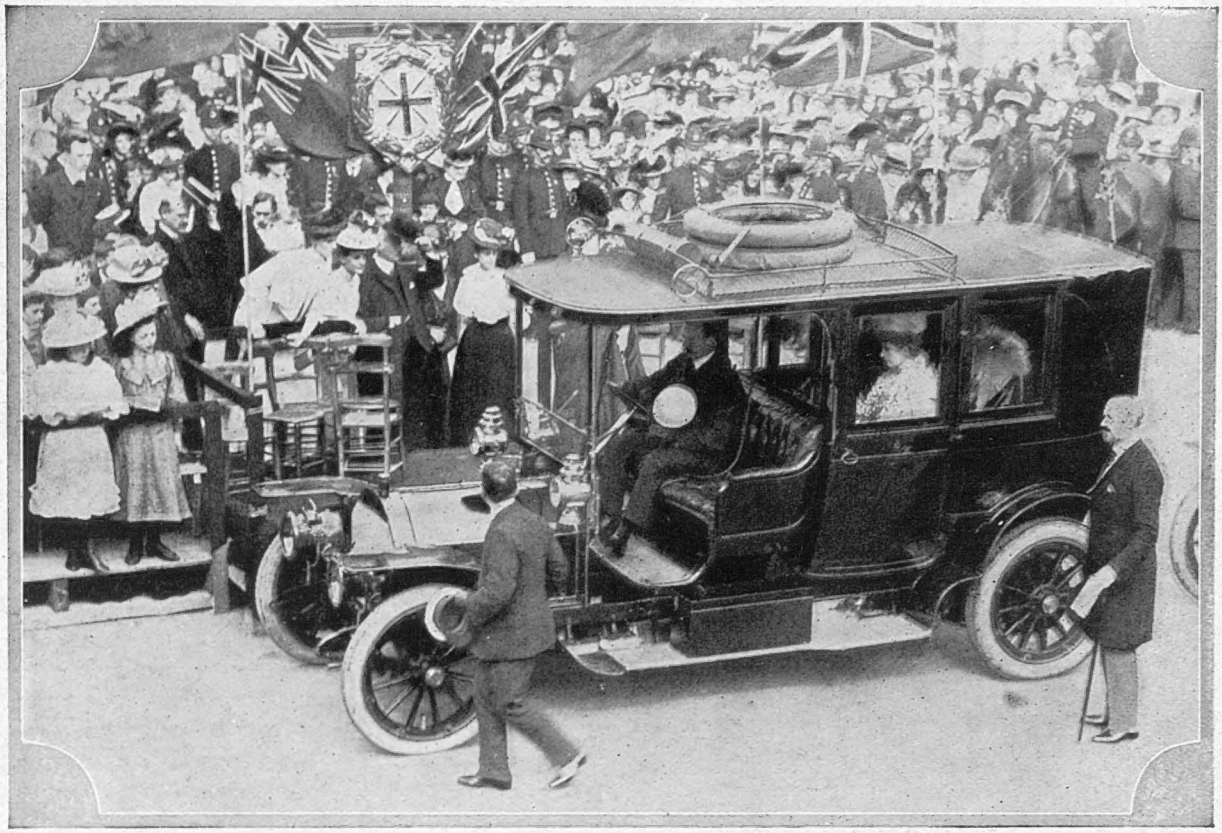
On Wednesday chief interest attaches to the Goodwood Plate, one of the most picturesque races of the meeting. I anticipate the success of **Hong Kong**, and Royal Dream will probably run into a place. **Woolwinder** will run in the Sussex Stakes, and his task does not seem likely to be severe, while I expect to see the Lavant Stakes won by the Duke of Devonshire's **Cheshire Cat**, who has not been beaten yet. For the Singleton Stakes my selection is **Athleague**. On Thursday, in the Goodwood Cup, **The White Knight** will be called upon for a big effort, and I have faith in his ability to do it, and the same may be remarked of **Velocity** in the Chesterfield Cup on Friday. The Rous Memorial Stakes may be won by **Bonspiel II.**

SCENES AT GOODWOOD

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

Aspects of the Autocar



The Car as a Royal Conveyance: The Royal Visit to Hampstead. The Queen in her Daimler Car at Swiss Cottage

The King and Queen visited Hampstead last Friday to open the splendid new premises of the University College School. Instead of travelling by the time-honoured horse-drawn vehicle so beloved by spectators when Royalty takes part in a public function, their Majesties performed the journey by car, thus establishing a precedent in this direction

Photos] **Steeplechasing by Car: Mr. Huntley Walker, the intrepid motorist, talking to Mr. Charles Jarrott** [*Topical Agency*

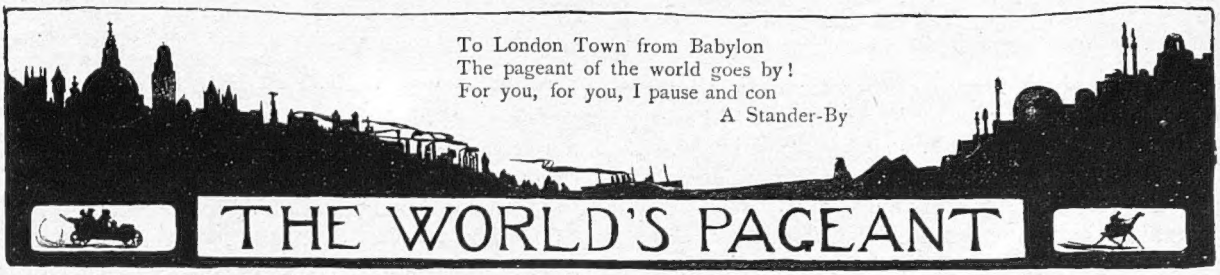
Mr. Huntley Walker is noted for his pluck and daring when racing, and he is frequently the hero of some wild exploit. The other day, at Brooklands, his car backed him down the steep bank, but he stuck to the car and actually won the following race. Last Thursday, taking his racing Darracq to Brussels for the Circuit des Ardennes races, while driving at eighty miles an hour, he was suddenly confronted with the closed gates of a level crossing. In a trice, he decided to "take" the gates; he drove through them unhurt, and proceeded to Brussels, and was second in the Ardennes race, only losing through tyre troubles

Prehistoric Golf

INTERESTED SPECTATORS

The egotism of the golfer is notorious: in prehistoric times it was apt to be a little dangerous!

BY LAWSON WOOD



The King

The King finished up the last week of the season—a very full one—by paying a first visit to the new racecourse at Newbury on Saturday. He was accompanied by a select party of friends, most of whom joined his Majesty at luncheon in the Royal Pavilion. King Edward never looked better. Though rather grey, he is slimmer than he has been for years—certainly in no urgent need of the "cure" now only a fortnight distant. His recent racing luck—the successes of Simpatica, Slim Lad, and Pearl of the Loch—has, needless to say, not slaked his thirst for the sport of Kings, and his attendance at a long list of meetings is announced for the autumn.

* * *

The Princess of Wales

The wife of the Heir-Apparent has had an arduous season, and a long one. Scarce a day has passed but that she has fulfilled some public function or other, and for many months the Prince and Princess have been in residence at Marlborough House. Small wonder, then, that her Royal Highness looks a little tired. Her last public appearance, before setting out for Germany, was at the opening of the new out-patients' department of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she received from Lord Ludlow her charge as a recently elected Governor of the Hospital. Her aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, her hostess in Dresden, is now in her eighty-fifth year. This lady, who has been present at three coronations—that of King William, Queen Victoria, and King Edward—is the only surviving grandchild of George III., and is, therefore, the only living link with the pre-Victorian era. On leaving her the Princess will go to Switzerland, and will spend a few days with the King and Queen of Würtemberg at their romantic château on Lake Constance, after which she will join the Prince and her children in Scotland.

* * *

Two Mercédes and a Rest-Cure

In clubs and places where motorists most do congregate, one discusses—with smiles—the latest form of motor rest-cure. A certain very well-known

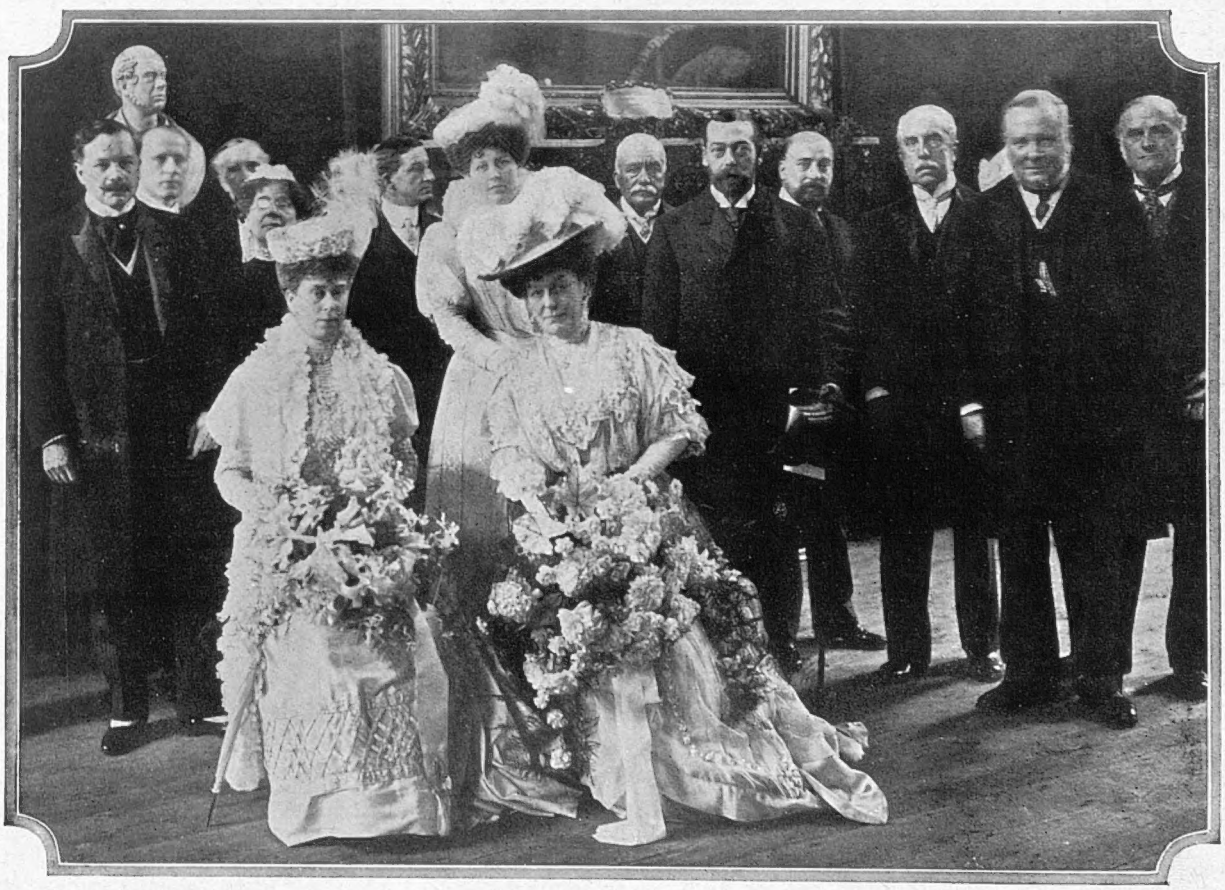


Photo *Topical Agency*

Lord Ludlow Princess of Wales Lady Ludlow Prince of Wales Mr. W. Harrison Cripps Mr. George Baker

The Opening of the New Wing of St. Bartholomew's Hospital by the Prince and Princess of Wales

The Nerves of "Nikko"

young man about town, Mr. Nicholas Wood by name (and familiarly known as "Nikko"), has of late been striving to turn an honest penny (or two) by running the Gaiety Hotel. Somehow or other, things commercial didn't dovetail quite up to Mr. Wood's expectations, and, after the usual winding-up formalities, Mr. "Nikko," having left word that his nerves were completely shattered, departed for the Continent, there to get them mended. Those who didn't know him imagined him a sobered, hard-up man, roaming Europe in search of quiet and a cheap pension. Those who did had no such visions, and were not surprised to learn from the Continental Fashionable Intelligence columns that "Nikko," with two Mercédès automobiles of 35 and 90 h.-p., had arrived in Paris, and was about to undertake a tour of Europe, visiting noteworthy cities and testing speed on the finest roads. Mr. Wood is the son and heir of Sir Lindsay Wood, Baronet (cr. 1897), a J.P., and D.L., of Durham; a former President of the Northern Institute of Mining Engineers; a member of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines; and the maker of several elaborate and exhaustive experiments in respect of the pressure of gas in coal.

* * *

Mr. Birrell and the "Daily Graphic"

Mr. Birrell's somewhat scorching attack on the *Daily Graphic* photographs of moonlight outrages in Ireland, which the Chief Secretary described as "pictorial illustrations of absolute inventions, passed off as historical pictures of actual occurrences for the purpose of inflaming the public mind," has caused pretty general amusement. The most obvious retort is, of course, to remind Mr. Birrell of certain posters of Chinamen in chains with which, as chief of the Liberal Publication Department, he plastered the country during the General Election, pictures which his own words above quoted describe about as well as any words could.

* * *

The Genuineness of the Pictures

We do not propose to take up the cudgels on behalf of our contemporary, which has dealt fully with Mr. Birrell in its own columns. It denies, first, that it represented the pictures as "actual occurrences," for each tableau was clearly avowed to have been "re-enacted" by the participants, after the "outrage, for the benefit of the photographer." As that individual assured the *Daily Graphic*, "the attack on the house was genuine, but I was allowed to photograph it, and as the light was very bad, they posed for me to make a slow exposure." As to the suggestion that the scenes were "fakes," the *Daily Graphic* took special pains to satisfy itself as to their genuineness, and it devolves upon Mr. Birrell and his friends to disprove it. We print on the opposite page the three photographs in question—not because we have any desire ourselves to "inflame the public mind," but because we feel that we owe it to our readers to give them an opportunity of scrutinising for themselves photographs which have achieved the great distinction of being denounced in the House of Commons as pictorial "inexactitudes" by the greatest living authority on that important branch of Art.

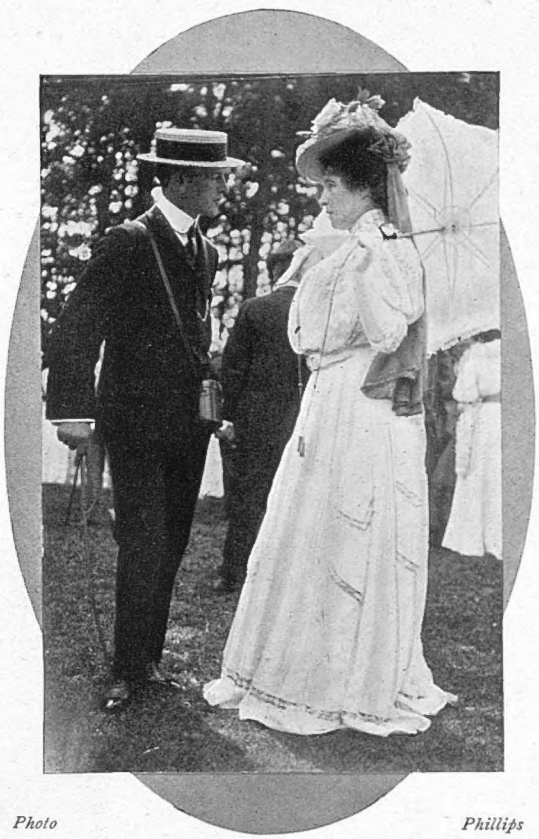


Photo *Phillips*

Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) at Newmarket, conversing with Mr. Nicholas Wood

Lady de Bathe has announced her intention of racing horses in future under her own name. Mr. Wood is a well-known figure in the sporting world, and was recently known also in the world of "entertainment" as the proprietor of the Gaiety Hotel and Restaurant

* * *

M.P.'s and the Press

Perhaps we might be permitted to suggest that it is almost time Members of Parliament left the Press to its own devices, or, at any rate, adopted a more courteous tone in their references to it. These high-falutin' and hypocritical attacks on a branch of the public service which is a scarcely less potent influence for good than the House of Commons itself, are scarcely becoming. After all, the Press cannot be so very bad, seeing that, on forming his Government, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman appointed to important offices four men who began their careers as journalists—to wit, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Morley, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Churchill.

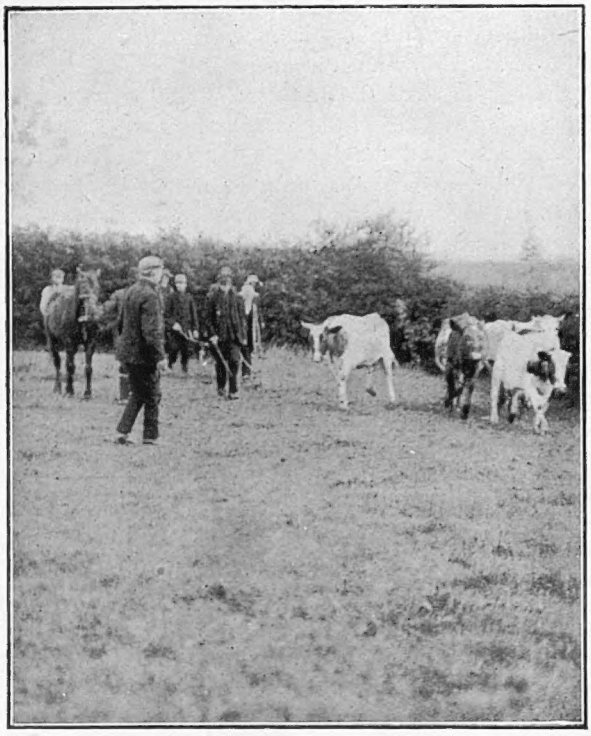
* * *

Norway Again Annoyed with Poor Us

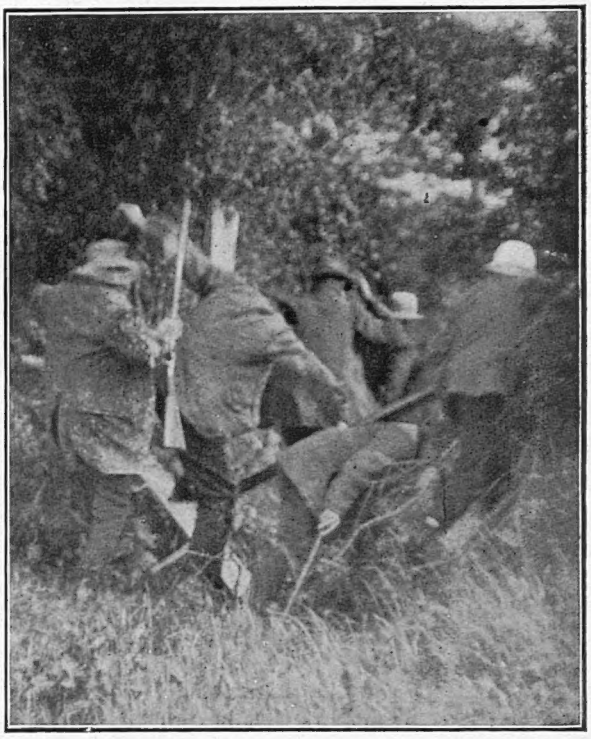
Some eighteen months ago, in a light-hearted moment, I gave vent to some mild criticisms of the Norwegians. I chid the Norsemen on the trivial matter of manners. Theirs, I opined, were scarcely on a par with those, say, of Versailles during the reign of Louis Quatorze. In fact, they verged just a wee bit towards roughness. Then down upon us came the Christiania *Aftenposten*. It said that we had a "limited circulation" (which is, of course, true — we rarely exceed a million

Denounced by Mr. Birrell

THREE HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH HAVE AROUSED THE IRE OF THE IRISH AND THE SCORN OF THE CHIEF SECRETARY



Photograph of a cattle-driving outrage



Photograph of an interrupted raid, and the escape of the raiders

Photograph illustrating how the United Irish League enrols its members

These three pictures appeared in the *Daily Graphic* of Saturday, the 20th inst. Though it was clearly stated by that paper that the photographs were not of actual occurrences, but that the "moonlighters" had re-enacted the scenes for the benefit of the photographer, Mr. Birrell thought fit, in the House of Commons, to attack the *Daily Graphic* in tones of extraordinary severity, calling the photographs "pictorial illustrations of absolute inventions." That our readers may judge for themselves of their genuineness, we herewith reproduce the photographs as they were sent to the *Daily Graphic*, and without the aid of the toucher-up

An Historic Bridal Veil

weekly), and paid us the enormous compliment of insinuating that our "opinions mostly carried weight with costermongers." Well, a week or two ago, a reference to Norway again crept into these columns. It was all on account of Dr. Nansen, and his opinion of English ways. This has again aroused the bile of the *Aftenposten*. This time, however, it is not alleged that we are "not known," but merely that we are "not known for our veracity." This is better. We are getting on. Next year, we should be promoted to something quite respectable. However, it is the way of Norwegian papers when unpleasant truths appear in English papers to represent said paper as unknown, obscure, or unreliable. I hope, in a week or two, to publish some really candid comments on our good friends, the Norwegians, particularly dealing with the interesting subject of the "Norwegian Stare." The editor of the *Aftenposten* had better get his foreman "comp." down, for the resources of the composing-room will be sorely strained at the task of expressing in Norwegian, and in type commensurate with the occasion, what he will then think of DE BIJSTAENDER.

* * *

'Vale"

The season is over. It has endured scarcely two months, and is surely the shortest on record. Mayfair is a wilderness. Its inhabitants have fled to greener fields and pastures other than Piccadilly. The weather, except for a week or two this month, has surpassed itself, even for England, in its utter naughtiness. Charity fêtes, garden parties, pageants, polo, and the Park, all have been literally washed away. Only the dressmakers and the shoemakers have rejoiced. Chiffon skirts trailed over drenching lawns need speedy replacement. White kid shoes are not comformable with puddles. Dancing has returned, in spite of the unwilling male, in part to favour. At any rate, it keeps the circulation going. Bridge has declined. Racing is ever in the ascendancy. The restaurants and the theatres—they must have had the time of their lives, or of their cash-boxes. One has flown to them out of the wet streets and away from the frowning skies, and they have proved no "miserable comforters."

* * *

The Grand Finale

This week, Goodwood; next, Cowes; then, hey! for the moors, the grouse, and the "cures." Led by the Court, the world, which chases amusement like a squirrel in a cage, looks on London for the next three months as a kind of bridge, a *pons asinorum*, a turn-table. It is necessary, sometimes, to drive across it to get from one place to another. Otherwise, it does not count. It is in no way in the movement. At present, the King is at Goodwood pursuing his prevailing passion—racing. The Queen is at Sandringham avoiding it. Both their Majesties will embark on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on Saturday. They will proceed to the Cowes Roads and remain there, probably, until the Monday week. Then the Queen will return, for a time, to Norfolk, and the King will start immediately for Germany to take his cure and to meet the Kaiser.

* * *

Goodwood

Goodwood, now smart with a smartness which cannot be denied, was once all democratic in its

Photo *Phillips*

The Wedding of Mr. Raymond Asquith with Miss Katherine Horner: An historic veil

The bride, wearing the famous wedding-veil made for Mary Queen of Scots by the nuns whilst she was in prison. The bordering and medallions were afterwards added by the Jesuits. The veil came to the bride's family through Cardinal Yorke

Sacrificing an Abbey

Photo *Valentine*

Jervaulx Abbey and Estate, which is being sold by Lord Masham owing to "the proposed land legislation of the present Government"

Jervaulx Abbey takes its name from the Cistercian Abbey originally founded in 1141 at Fors in Wensleydale by Akar Fitz-Bardolf, and colonised by monks from Savigny and Byland. The Abbey continued in great splendour for several centuries, but was surrendered at the Dissolution, the last Abbot, Adam de Sedbergh, being hanged for insurrection in 1537. The ruins were carefully excavated by the first Earl of Ailesbury, and range in style from Transition Norman to Early-English. The Abbey and estate was purchased by the present Lord Masham's father in 1887 for £310,000. The adjacent mansion, built of stone in Elizabethan style, called Jervaulx Abbey, is also Lord Masham's property

The King's Hostess at Goodwood

principles. There was no Enclosure, no members' stand, and were few restrictions. The meeting dates from 1802, and owes most of its glories to Lord George Bentinck, most famous of sportsmen. As a racing pageant, the Goodwood Meeting has no equal. As a course, it is second only to Newmarket. From Goodwood House, through the ducal park, three roads lead up to the race-ground. One of these, all grass under foot and bordered with wonderful beeches, is reserved for the Duke and his party. Another leads through the pheasantry and past the Shell House, a quaint little building, the floor a pavement of horses' teeth, the walls and ceilings lined with shells. The third is through the Birdless Grove, a road cool and dark on the hottest day, and a place in which no birds sing. Here, where the Grove converges on to the racecourse, the luncheon tables, covered with gaily striped awnings, are set out. Last year, the Duchess of Norfolk strewed lovely Arundel roses over her table, and always Mrs. Willie James and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon preside over beautifully decorated tables.

* * *

In State from Arundel

Last year, for the first time for many a long day, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk drove, with their guests, in state to Goodwood. This year they will do the same, and their party, a very different one from that assembled at West Dean, will accompany them. The Duchess is such a delightful person. For all her quietness and lack of style she has the grand manner of the very simplest Scotch-Yorkshire, real country (with real trees) sort. For Goodwood even the Duke consents to put on his best clothes, and his manners—well, they are always of the best. He has charm, magnetism—what you will. Anyway, in two minutes, notwithstanding the carelessness of his general appearance, he is on a par with the handsomest and tallest and most exquisitely groomed of Guardsmen. In these days of marital indifference, his devotion to his wife is looked upon in smiling wonder. At balls given by himself the Duke dances mostly with the Duchess, and they always walk about together arm-in-arm.

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Goodwood House-Parties

Goodwood, before the coming of the motor at any rate, consisted almost entirely of parties from the surrounding houses. Now, what with motors, the improved train service, and the well-watered Chichester roads, there is another element. The most interesting house-party of all, of course, is that which assembles at Goodwood House to meet the King. Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the Duke's only unmarried daughter, plays hostess in most self-possessed manner. Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, her aunt, although brought up in the late Duke's school—one in which life as lived by a modern house-party would have spelt the abomination of desolation—is generally there to play chaperon, and the party usually includes such old friends of the King as Lady Londonderry, the Portuguese Minister and Count Mensdorff, Georgiana, Lady Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, and the charmingly pretty Mrs. Rupert Beckett.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street
Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox (her latest portrait)
The King's hostess for Goodwood Week. She is the daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and entertains in the most charming fashion

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A Few More

At Molecombe, the future Duke of Richmond, Lord March, is entertaining. Lord Leconfield, his mother doing hostess, has a large party at Petworth. Colonel the Hon. Keith Turnour - Featherstonhaugh will have some guests at Up Park, while Lady Gerard, Lady Noreen Bass, Lady Hamilton (at Uping), and Mr. Arthur Sassoon (at Brighton), all have parties. At West Dean Park, Mrs. Willie James and her friends hold high festival. Her sisters, Lady St. Oswald and Mrs. Blundell-Leigh, the Duchess of Devonshire, Princess Henry of Pless, and the Rochfort Maguires are almost invariably included in the list of guests, and always it is a gathering which lacks nothing in the direction of modernity.

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Goodwood House

Goodwood House, like most ducal abodes, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called beautiful. Its position is superb, but solidity is its only noticeable exterior feature, just as an unutterable grubbiness is the outstanding feature of Apsley House (which really could do with a coat of paint or a wash—I commend the idea to the Duke). Inside, however, there is unlimited space—a consideration, when every guest at a house-party, in these luxurious days, requires his own suite of rooms—and, among other things, some lovely Gobelin tapestries, and a set of priceless Sèvres, a gift to the third Duke by Louis XV.

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Dress at Goodwood

Formerly, Goodwood was a full-dress meeting. Of late, however, the King, leader of racing fashions, has

The Last Event of the Season

THE COURSE, GOODWOOD, WHERE RACING IS NOW IN PROGRESS

Photos *Valentine*

KING EDWARD VII.'S BEDROOM, GOODWOOD HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, WHOSE GUEST HIS MAJESTY IS FOR THE RACE WEEK

Ponies as Domestic Pets

Radium, only twenty-nine inches high, driven by Lady Dorothea Hope
It is so tiny that it is kept in the house, much as though it were a pet dog. It is nursed and is allowed to walk on the table. In fact, it does everything domestic except bark

Photos] **The Pet Pony in the Home** *[Maude A. Craigie-Halkett*
Lady Estella Hope's Shetland pony in her dining-room. This pony, though a great pet, is not one of the *very* small ones, as it measures thirty-five inches high. It is small enough, however, to be kept about the house

deviated from custom. His Majesty feels the heat considerably. Once upon a time he and the Duke never failed to appear at Goodwood in grey frock coats and white beavers. That day has passed. The King now wears the coolest of lounge suits and a bowler to match. His example, it must be confessed, is somewhat unwisely followed. At Sandown, at the Eclipse meeting, one met, in spite of the presence of the Queen, some outfits weird in the extreme. So grey were some of the hats, so white the nether garments, that one wondered sometimes "Was it member or Bookie?" Personally, I do not consider white boots correct Enclosure wear, even at an undress meeting. Evidently, a little license, sartorially, is a dangerous thing. There should be a censor. For the women, of course, Goodwood spells nothing if not one's best frock. It is her last chance till the autumn. So she seizes it with avidity. And the lovely Goodwood lawns become flower gardens.

Ponies as Pets

Among the prizewinners at the recent great Agricultural Show at Edinburgh were the Ladies Estella and Dorothea Hope, sisters of the Marquis of Linlithgow. These two ladies have long been deeply interested in the breeding and training of Shetland ponies. Some years ago they settled down at Great Hollenden Farm, near Sevenoaks, and took up pony-breeding as a hobby. It proved successful. They now have from forty to fifty Shetlands on the farm, one of which, named Hoplemuroma, has taken at least a dozen first prizes at different shows. Another, called Radium, is so tiny it has all the privileges of a pet dog—gets nursed and walks on the table—and all the ponies are treated as pets by their mistresses. At one time the Ladies Hope delighted in a tame hare. He was called "Mr. Juggins," and would follow them about wherever they went. "Mr. Juggins" has now gone the way of the preternaturally precocious. He is dead.

The Promise of Cowes

Cowes

Cowes Week promises brilliantly. A naval display and review, the presence of a Swedish squadron, a pageant at Carisbrooke, and some motor-boat racing are the chief attractions outside the *raison d'être* of the whole performance, which is yachting. To a great extent, it is obvious, motoring has superseded yachting. The large steam yachts, floating palaces such as the *Honour*, remain, but the little craft, which formerly added so considerably to the attractions of Cowes, are fast dying out. A yacht being dearer to maintain than a motor, people who once kept little yachts now keep good motors—and use them all the year round. But the charm of the yachting carnival remains. The predilection displayed for yachting by both the King and the Queen is one reason for its unflagging popularity. The fact that a week in the Cowes Roads during August is no economical diversion is another. To be in the movement one must pay.

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Outside, Please!

Of course, at Cowes, as at Goodwood and Newmarket, the fun of the fair is for the elect alone. Anything more truly awful, more woefully depressing than to be at Cowes, but outside that charmed circle inside which the elect gyrate, I cannot imagine. A pariah in the desert, a leper in a township, would have a merrier time. At Cowes, if you are in, you are in, and there's an end of it. But if you are out, you are out, and there is no forgetting it. All men are not brothers at Cowes, much less are all women sisters. The air, the sky, the dancing water, the town, the shops, the very right to live—for a short fortnight in August they are appropriated for the sole convenience of the world which amuses itself. Before, or after, they are anyone's property—even that of the man in the street.

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The Squadron Club

The Squadron Yacht Club is the "open sesame" to all the joys of Cowes. For a man—well, to be a member of a club well-nigh the most exclusive in the world, has its advantages. One can fly the white ensign, as flown by a British man-o'-war, and one is free of harbour dues in foreign ports. For a woman—well, if her men are members, then is her cup of social happiness full and overflowing. She is right there, as our American cousins would say. If they are not, then all her charms are exerted to get day by day, from a man friend who is a member, a share in the two badges of entrance to the garden which every member is allowed. To drink iced coffee on the Squadron Lawn is to taste of the nectar of the jealous gods. The roar of the Squadron guns booming out, not at an enemy's approach, but the start of a race, is music sweet as the pipes of Pan, provided only one is on the lawn. In a word, Cowes is the Squadron Club and the Squadron Club is Cowes.

* * *

In the Town

During the week with two Sundays, Cowes town is just like a beehive. The bees fly hither and thither, buzzing all the time, and making such a fuss, that one might really think they were doing something more than just sipping honey. The narrow streets are all hotels or villas. Among the shops there is a Redfern and a jeweller of note. A hundred times a day you meet your neighbour; and your neighbour's yacht-steward, basket on arm, full of serious purpose, is invariably much to the fore. Serge, flannel, and linen, white or blue, are necessary virtues. Silk, chiffon, even muslin, are cardinal sins. The King wears always the regulation navy serge and white ducks of the yachtsman. The Queen and Princess Victoria practise

Lady Auckland

The latest aristocratic "tradesman," who recently opened an antique shop in Baker Street to enable her to redress her fallen fortunes caused by Lord Auckland's ill-luck on the Stock Exchange

(*Specially photographed for* The Bystander)

Another Portrait of the King

a rigid simplicity of attire which would be too trying for any but a Royalty, and the rest of feminine Cowes follows suit, with modifications.

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Cowes House-Parties

Parties for Cowes Week last from Saturday to Monday—with a week between. At Egypt House, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester will assemble her friends, and here the King uses the private landing-stage in preference to the more public one at the Castle. At Osborne Cottage, Princess Henry of Battenberg—the Governor of the Island—is in residence, and often cruising on her yacht, *Sheila*; at East Cowes Castle, Lord Gort, just arrived at man's estate, will entertain with his mother, Lady Gort; Lord and Lady Normanton have taken "The Hawthorns"; the Marquis of Ormonde, Commodore of the R.Y.S., is at Aveing; and Admiral Bridgeman, who commands the Home Fleet, a muster of some one hundred pennants, is at Statwoods, East Cowes. Lady Dorchester always has a party at Hamlet Lodge, Mr. Godfrey Baring at Nubia House, and Lord and Lady Iveagh have a small party of friends at Ivy Lodge, just behind the Squadron Club.

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A Parson at Cowes

Parsons at Cowes, like good men elsewhere, are scarce. There is one, however, who is an annual event, so to speak. Mr. Prodgers, the Vicar of Elvaston, Lord Harrington's place in Derbyshire, is the owner of Culross Lodge, which he bought two years ago from Lord Colville. He is a most versatile divine. On Sundays he will preach eloquently at Holy Trinity, Cowes. During the week he divides his time between cruising in the Solent and playing polo at Brockenhurst.

* * *

An Isle of Wight Pageant

Right in the middle of *The Week* a pageant is to be held at Carisbrooke Castle. An historical pageant, too, which astonishes me. Who would have imagined the Isle of Wight with a history? Certainly, I never did; but, then, except to Cowes, I never went there. I nearly did once, but I shan't again. It is not for such as me. One would have thought the blessed islet far too closely associated with the Royal Family to have much historical interest. Yet, here I find that in 43 A.D., quite a long time ago, the island was conquered by a gentleman called Vespasian; that "it fell easily to the Roman Arms," which says little for its modesty; that it was converted in 686, having previously abandoned—the very word rings false in connection with the place—itself to idol worship of the most virulent description, and so on right up to Charles II., who made merry there in 1671, after which it apparently sank into oblivion until Queen Victoria lifted it again to high estate.

Photo *Fotoco*

A Present to the Westminster City Council: Mr. P. Tennyson Cole's portrait of the King

The above is, perhaps, unique. The portrait of the King, in the centre, is that recently presented to the Westminster City Council by Lord Cheylesmore, whose own portrait is on the left. The artist, Mr. Tennyson Cole, himself, is seen kneeling in the foreground of his fine work

On Its Very Own!

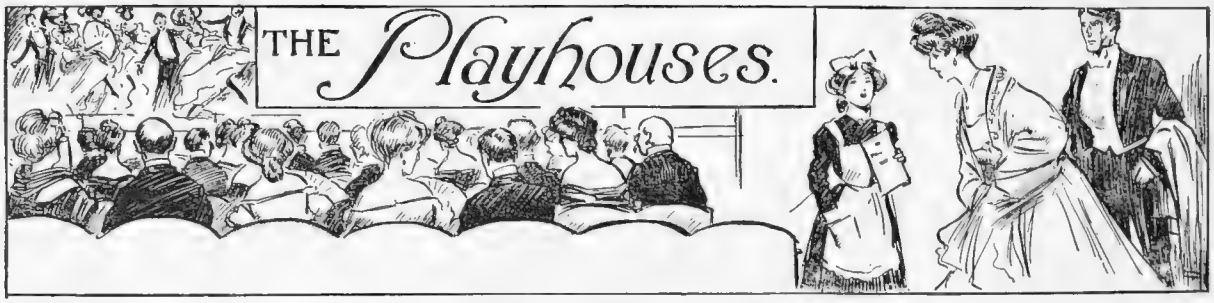
THE ISLE OF WIGHT WAXES HISTORICAL AND HAS A PAGEANT

The Conquest of the Isle of Wight by Vespasian in 43: The formal act of surrender

Photos *Jarrold*

Dorothy Osbourne before the Commissioners

Who would have thought it! The Isle of Wight—Mecca of honeymooners, and yachtsmen, and Victorian Royalties—actually has a history! To remind a forgetful world of the fact, Wight has started a Pageant, all on its very own, at Carisbrooke. Above are two of the prettiest of the Tableaux. The Pageant forms one of the attractions of Cowes Week, Carisbrooke being within the vicinity of the Regatta centre



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

TERRY'S THEATRE

There were great happenings at Terry's Theatre when *Mrs. Wiggs* celebrated her "century." In these days the hundredth performance of a play, well boomed though it may be, and distinguished by the distribution of souvenirs, does not arouse very much more enthusiasm among the audience than the ninety-ninth performance. *Mrs. Wiggs*, however, is a lady whom the English nation has "taken up." She is a prime favourite, and when Time brings round a mechanical celebration there is nothing mechanical in our manner of celebrating it. She came among us unheralded by the sounding brass of her backers. Indeed, as I have already hinted in these columns, the gentlemen responsible for bringing *Mrs. Wiggs* across the Atlantic did so with much the same thoughts as a man puts his money on a long-odds starter. To use the vernacular, it was either a big go or a dead frost. It has proved, happily for all concerned, a very big go indeed. There is no explaining these matters. True, *Mrs. Wiggs* has a large heart and a keen sense of humour, and should naturally appeal to a people which is similarly endowed. But American stage-characters equally true to life have utterly failed to evoke sympathetic chords in the breasts of English audiences. As an American friend much in touch with theatrical matters put it to me: "It's a pure gamble. I would have laid heavily against *Mrs. Wiggs*, and I thought I knew something about the tastes of audiences on both sides of the Atlantic." The audience, on the hundredth performance, took away with them as a souvenir copies of the original story.

I should like to have the opinions of those who read through their souvenirs. With those who were bitterly disappointed in the book after the play I have a fellow feeling. I found the story too sugary for my taste. The comedy, which in the play does so much to dissipate the sentimental atmosphere which surrounds Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and her neighbours, is totally lacking in the story. Here is the rare case of a character more at home upon the boards than between the boards.

THEATRICAL UNREST IN AMERICA

Those who bewail the state of the drama in England must have found consolation in a pithy little article in the *Referee* of July 21, entitled, "The 'Situation' in the States." We may have our troubles, but they are paltry compared with the troubles which at present beset our American cousins. The whole world of the theatre in America would appear to be in a state of upheaval. To begin with, the paramount source of unrest—the Trust. In America it is a real tangible evil. In England, in spite of recent alarmist paragraphs, the Trust is a mere Cock Lane ghost, fit only to frighten children. At present, those who go in dread of the Trust resemble in their state of mind

Photo] **"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at Terry's Theatre** *[Byron*

When Lovey Mary falls under the suspicion of being no better than she should be, Mrs. Wiggs alone stands by her. As it transpires, Lovey Mary is quite innocent. On the right is Mrs. Madge Carr Cook as Mrs. Wiggs, and on the left is Miss Lottie Alter as Lovey Mary

Photos

Mrs. Madge Carr Cook (*Mrs. Wiggs*) and **Miss Louise Closser** (*Miss Hazy*)

Byron

Mr. Frederick Burton (*Hiram Stubbins*) and **Miss Closser** (*Miss Hazy*)

Much of the comedy of the play is derived from the marriage of Miss Hazy, a spinster of uncertain age, upon whom the wedding garments sit with a very odd effect. Miss Hazy is in a pitiable state of nerves before the ceremony, and when rallied by her neighbours is on the verge of tears. However, after the dread ceremony is over, she and Hiram are both all smiles, and proceed to enjoy love's middle-aged dreams

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

the gentleman of bibulous tendencies who was sitting at drink with his friends when a rat crossed the hearth. He laid a shaking hand upon the arm of his neighbour, and whispered, in tremulous tones: "You thought I saw a rat, but I didn't!" True, there is a Trust, but at present it has no more power to work havoc than the rat in this veracious story. In America the bold anti-Trustites, headed by the redoubtable Harrison Grey Fiske and his wife, that great actress, Minnie Madden Fiske, have again taken the field. It is rumoured even that Mr. Charles Frohman has hurriedly crossed back to America to stamp out the flames of rebellion. Then there are agitations which have cropped up in various parts of the country, and have reached so acute a stage that there is actual talk of law-making to abolish the evils. In England we are less precipitate. We allow an evil to flourish as the green bay tree before a word is breathed about the advisability of destroying it by statute. Our attitude seems to be "Hang it, man! give the evil a fair chance." To continue with the list of troubles in America. There is an agitation against the importation of foreign plays (the English plays, of course, come under this ban). I know that agitation. We were introduced to each other in 1895, and used to nod to each other familiarly on the Rialto, Broadway, whenever we met, for a period of three years.

Then, again, the managers of cheap vaudeville have been doing too well. So opponents have arisen with the cry that their five-cent shows must be abolished (fancy making fortunes out of entertainments for which the price of admission is only $2\frac{1}{2}d.$!) This tendency to clip the wings of the successful high-fliers is not American. It is universal. So, for the moment, we leave our dear relatives the American playgoers. May they come out of their troubles top-dog.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

"The Pocket Miss Hercules"

The new season 1907-8, or the holiday season 1906-7, whichever you please to call it, opened in merry fashion with the production of a new farce by a new playwright. Mr. Clouston has a breezy, irresponsible style of writing which is well adapted to farce. The author was well served by his cast. They, too, struck a breezy and irresponsible note. Result, an entertainment which should see the summer out. There is hope for Mr. Clouston. He shows such promise that the *Daily Telegraph* critic solemnly admonishes him to mind his dramatic p's and q's—so that in course of time he can climb to the eminent standard of farce-writing which was Mr. Pinero's when he wrote *The Magistrate*. In other words, he is advised to take the business of farce-writing more seriously. I hope Mr. Clouston will take this counsel to heart.

Miss Esmé Hubbard is a newcomer who has had the good fortune to make a pronounced and unmistakable hit. She is positively refreshing, and will soon be in the envious position of choosing the best rôle out of the many which managers will offer her.

Mr. Hubert Druce (whom so many scribes have christened Herbert) is responsible for the production. Fortunately, too, he finds time to appear in the play. The public has seen Mr. Druce "buttle" before, but surely never to such excellent purpose. His "Meakin" is a study in pomposity which amounts to a creation.

E. C. S.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Servia's Prince in Paris

Curiously enough, the presence of the Crown Prince of Servia in Paris has excited no small amount of interest. Many have been interested to see for themselves the youth whose conduct at times has been little short of demented. Judging from his physiognomy I should say this is not much exaggerated. No wonder such terrible disasters are predicted for Servia when a youth like Prince George is heir to the throne. As King Peter has not yet paid a State visit to Paris, his son is travelling strictly incognito, the only festivity that will be given in his honour being a luncheon at Rambouillet. Prince George is only twenty, but looks considerably older, and his features are coarse and brutal. To see him one could never suppose him the grandson of Karageorge and of Nicholas of Montenegro. If the latter is proud of his daughters, he surely cannot have the same sentiment for his grandson, even though he be the son of his beloved daughter, Zorka. It is said that, as a young boy, the Prince amused himself by cutting off the paws of a cat, but this is probably "much exaggerated." It certainly can be no sinecure to be tutor to this unruly Prince. After spending the first years of his life at Cettinje, Prince George was a pupil at the Geneva Lycée whilst his father lived in that town. Since then he has been in Russia and Belgrade, and has been for walking tours through Dalmatia, the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Bosnia. He is, as a rule, a very observant traveller, but in everything else extremely unequal. There are days when he will scarcely utter a syllable, days when he talks like a marine, and other days when his conversation is interesting and intelligent. The boy, whose mad debauchery is known throughout Europe, represented his father with honour at the fêtes given to celebrate the centenary of the Battle of Michan, in which Prince Karageorge fought and won so much glory. During those festivities he had occasion to make several speeches, which did him great credit; at other times, he stands mute, incapable of pronouncing a syllable. Hasty, impatient, and violent, the Prince excels in fishing, and more than once he has shown extraordinary *sang-froid*. It appears that once, when he and some companions were in a motor-boat on the Save, the boat capsized, and, but for the Prince's presence of mind, they would all have been lost. Perceiving the boat was about to explode, he ordered them all, in spite of the icy cold water, to swim to the shore. This they did, and everyone was saved.

Photo *Jovanovitch*

The Crown Prince of Servia

He is now on a strictly incognito visit to Paris, where, however, his presence has created no small amount of interest, owing to the stories of his wild and irresponsible actions

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An Ex-Queen and a Prima Donna

Queen Ranavalo, ex-Queen of Madagascar, is not enjoying her stay at Houlgate, and may return to Paris much sooner than she expected. She amused and interested many persons here as much for her originality as from the fact that she is an exiled Queen. Since she has seen Paris her Villa Mustapha, at Algiers, no longer attracts her, and it is possible that the Government may comply with her request and allow her to live here always. After having visited the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Notre Dame, she went back to the shops, and will not be content till she has seen every one of them. Emma Calvé, the French woman of all French women whom she adores, is not at present in Paris, having an engagement to fulfil in Japan before her return. Few people have been kinder to Ranavalo than Emma Calvé, and when she was staying in Nice this winter she went to Algiers on purpose to see her. Calvé, artist to her finger-tips, is one of the most original persons to be met anywhere. On the unhappy souls of this world she will shower kindness, and it generally happens that those least deserving her prodigality reap the benefit. She has been robbed right and left, duped over and over again, but that does not make her suspicious. A miserable little creature found her once at her castle in Aveyron, and touched the big, kind heart with her terrible tale of woe. Calvé had her taught to sew, read, and write, and finally kept her for five years as a maid. In her she placed the greatest confidence, addressing her by the familiar "thou," until one day she discovered her gumming together the contents of her waste-paper basket, which she had been selling for some time to those persons most interested. She could have married a Russian Grand Duke, who would willingly have renounced everything for her; but the best years of her life were spent waiting for someone else. He rewarded

her constancy by marrying another—one of her *protégées*, to whom she had given for years not only "meat, and raiment, and shelter," but singing lessons. She could have married a Royal Prince. At present —she says so herself—she is engaged to a blind American, not because she loves him or because of his dollars (she is, according to French calculation, five times a millionaire herself), but because she was the last person he saw before he lost his sight. With her distinction, charm, and lovely voice, she could have had the most interesting *salon* in Paris. She could have had the world at her feet had she desired it, but she spends her time, energy, and money helping people who do not deserve it, and who would far better be left to bear their poverty alone. No wonder the exiled Queen of Madagascar was touched by her great kindness.

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Theobald Chartran

The death of the well-known portrait-painter, Theobald Chartran, came as a great shock. He was only fifty-eight years of age, but looked considerably younger, and always the picture of health. His many friends and admirers—for the man was as popular as his work—lament the fact that he has died at the height of his prosperity. Those who knew him best, however, rejoice that he should have passed away "in harness," with the sun of success shining upon him. He, at least, has been spared the anguish of enduring those cold, dark days in the evening of life when the sun has set—and for him that time must surely have come. For six months or more, Chartran knew there was no hope for him, yet that never affected his good humour, and he was cheerful to the last.

His work was just the work that was bound to please. It was not strong, but it was admired. The artist was able to put into it his own fashionable elegance, as it could be seen in those daintily mixed tones of mauve and grey and pink which the smart Parisian loves so well. I need not mention the fees that Chartran could command for a portrait; one peep at his lovely home in Neuilly, the model of artistic luxury, would be sufficient to give one at least some idea. The papers describe Chartran as a great painter, but this he was not. He was rather a talented painter, for when the history of art comes to be written, he will be forgotten. Yet, although his name will not be found among the great men of the age, he has portrayed some persons who will never sink into oblivion—for example, Sadi Carnot, Sarah Bernhardt, and Pope Leo XIII. Of the moments he spent with the late Holy Father he was never tired of speaking.

Photo *Manuel*

The Ex-Queen of Madagascar

Queen Ranavalo is now applying to the French Government for permission to reside permanently in Paris, instead of at her villa in Algiers

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Mr. Pierpont Morgan and His Treasures

Several times the question has been asked how Mr. Pierpont Morgan manages to discover there are so many treasures in the world. He attends many of the important sales, he visits picture galleries galore, but it is evident he cannot be in fifty places at once, and his purchases are legion. Besides all the agents and merchants who let him know whenever they have anything which might tempt him, he employs men whose business it is to become acquainted with the "rarities" of this world and procure them for him. Quite recently he has purchased a precious MS. for which the Bibliothèque Nationale has been searching for years. Since the eighteenth century all traces of it have been lost, and it is a volume of great importance to literary history.

The precious volume consists of stories by the Queen Marguerite of Navarre, composed at Cauterets, in the Pyrenees, where the Queen used to take the waters. It is bound in mosaic of the Moorish style, and the letters are decidedly Spanish. I saw Mr. Pierpont Morgan at the famous Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition, which has been the art show of the season. He gazed with pride at his own valuable possessions exhibited there; he compared his "Amants Heureux" with "The Woman Scraping Turnips," the property of H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany, and looked satisfied. At that exhibition, about which so much has been written, and where, to the horror of all and sundry, imitation was hung beside the genuine, whence M. Dujardin Beaumetz is said to have purchased "a copy," Pierpont Morgan felt the king of exhibitors.

Photo *Boyer*

Madame Calvé

The celebrated prima donna, one of Queen Ranavalo's closest friends in France

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Though it is the end of the season, and people are preparing to depart to Goodwood and Cowes, there is no diminution in the number of the luncheon and dinner-parties at the Savoy. Both the Restaurant and Café Parisien have been very crowded, and there have been some pretty dances in the Louis Seize ballroom, notably that given by Sir Robert Harvey to celebrate the coming-of-age of his ward, Miss Katie Dawson, at which his daughter, Mrs. Harry Brittain, officiated as hostess. Among many notable people entertaining have been the Earl and Countess of Craven, the Countess of Yarmouth, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord and Lady Armstrong, Lord Dalmeny, Earl Poulet, Lord Basil Blackwood, Lord Wodehouse, the Earl of Clancarty, Lord Fairfax, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, and many others.

Information !

Scene: Ranelagh during a Polo Match

FAIR AMERICAN: "Say, this seems a nice place; but what do people do here, anyway?"

BLASÉ YOUTH: "Oh, they meet each other's husbands, and those who don't ride criticise those who do, while the youngest of the women expects the eldest of the men to pay her dinner bills"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

CELEBRITIES AT COWES

Men and Women of the Yachting World

Photo *Critch*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING AT COWES

Photo. Elliott and Fry

Sir Maurice Fitzgerald
Owner of *Satanita*

Photos

The Duke of Leeds
Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Russell

Sir James Pender
Owner of *Brynhild*

Prospects of the Racing

ALTHOUGH there are many who refuse to admit that the Solent is the best place in the world for racing, yet no one would venture to deny that Cowes Week is ***the*** yachting week of the year; for, in the first place, it is the week in which the Royal Yacht Squadron, the leading yacht club, one may say, of the world, holds its one and only regatta, and, moreover, apart from the racing itself, it is the week in which Society is graciously pleased to honour Cowes with its immediate presence and attention, and, by becoming appropriately nautical in its dress, conversation, and habits, to set the hall-mark of its august approval upon one of England's oldest pastimes.

* * *

Socially speaking, therefore, Cowes Week is always an assured success, and to those who follow the racing carefully the festival week should this year prove specially interesting. It is some time since there have been three such fine boats in the first-class—now known as the 23-metre class—as Sir James Pender's BRYNHILD, Mr. Myles Kennedy's WHITE HEATHER, and Mr. Robert Young's NYRIA, of which the last-named was the crack boat of 1906, while the two first were specially built this year to race against her. Events have already proved that of the three WHITE HEATHER is the fastest. Up to July 13 she won every race in which she sailed, but on that day she was led home for the first time in her career by BRYNHILD. One has to go back to the days of his Majesty's famous BRITANNIA for anything approaching this record, and many aver that Mr. Kennedy's cutter is the most perfect racing yacht ever seen in British waters. By comparison, BRYNHILD is almost a failure, but only by comparison, for she, in her turn, is faster than NYRIA, to whom the Y.R.A., in consideration of her being an older boat, have conceded an allowance from the other two of 7 sec. per mile. This enabled her to win the race above referred to on July 13, though she actually finished third. WHITE HEATHER may be expected to be the principal winner at Cowes, if nothing goes wrong; but it is that little "if" which gives such a zest to the sport, and prevents it from becoming dull even when one boat is admittedly superior to her rivals.

* * *

Even more exciting will be the racing in the next class—the 15-metre class—in which the four boats, Mr. W. P. Burton's BRITOMART, Mr. G. E. Terrell's MAYMON, Mr. Talbot Clifton's MA'OONA, and Mr. W. Yates's SHIMNA are so delightfully evenly matched and so beautifully handled that it is generally anybody's race up to within a few minutes of the gun. Till recently there was a fifth, Mrs. Turner Farley's American-built SONYA, but her owner has recently had to give up racing owing to ill-health. SHIMNA and MA'OONA are new boats this year, the latter, with a huge sail plan, being the better in light winds. SHIMNA, on the other hand, likes a fairly hard blow, and in a gale is a perfect wonder. Neither of them, however, can take much change out of BRITOMART, which, though an older boat, is still, perhaps, the best all-round member of the fleet, as is shown by the fact that up to the end of the Clyde fortnight she had scored the most first prizes, eight, SHIMNA coming next with seven.

* * *

In the 8-metre class, Mrs. H. G. Allen's SORAIS may be expected to do best, especially if the winds are light. In addition to the "class" races there will be handicap races for cruisers and ex-racers of all sizes and types, and it will be worth while making the trip to Cowes if only for the sight of the big schooners, or of Mr. Watjen's beautiful yawl, NAVAHOE, tearing along with everything available set and drawing.

Prominent Members of the Squadron

Photos *Kirk*

(1) Montague Guest, Esq.
(2) H.S.H. Prince Batthyany Strattmann
(3) Captain A. Greville
(4) Lieut.-Colonel A. Hickman Morgan, D.S.O., J.P.
(5) Sir John Burgoyne, Bart.

COWES R

Four of the Fa

(1) Mr. W. P. Bur
One of the old 52 ft. linear rating
the new 15-metre class, and is still
of the

(2) Mrs. H. G. A
The most successful boat in the 8-m
in Ligh

(3) Mr. Myles B. Kenne
The success of the season, and the
in the 23-metre class. She had an
when she was at length

(4) Sir James Pen
She has been unfortunate in making
also produced *White Heather*, for
somewhat overshadowed by her

*The photographs of
yachting celebrities
these pages are fro
toire of Messrs. Kir
of Cowes, who hav
a high reputation in
of their profession.
their studio is a ne
of the programme
visit the Re*

Phot *Kirk*

REGATTA

Favourite Yachts

Photo *Kirk*

P. Burton's "Britomart"

rating class. She is racing this year in is still, perhaps, the best all-round boat of the fleet

H. G. Allen's "Sorais"

the 8-metre class, and a very fast mover in light airs

Kennedy's "White Heather"

and the fastest of the three big cutters had an unbeaten record up to July 13, length overcome by *Brynhild*

nes Pender's "Brynhild"

making her *début* in a season which has er, for though a fast boat, she has been by her phenomenally successful rival

Photo *Kirk*

raphs of yachts and ebrities which adorn are from the r per- ssrs. Kirk and Sons, who have established tation in this branch ofession. A visit to is a necessary part ramme of those who the Regatta

Well-Known Yachtswomen

The Hon. Mrs. A. Greville
Wife of Capt. Greville, owner of *Eilun*

Mrs. Turner Farley
Owner of *Sonya*

Mrs. Pope
A keen yachtswoman

The Hon. Mrs. Mitford
A daughter of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles and daughter-in-law of Lord Redesdale

Photos *Kirk*

Well-Known Yachtswomen

Mrs. Richard Charteris
Whose husband, Capt. Charteris, is a member of the R.Y.S., and captain of the South Coast One-Design Class

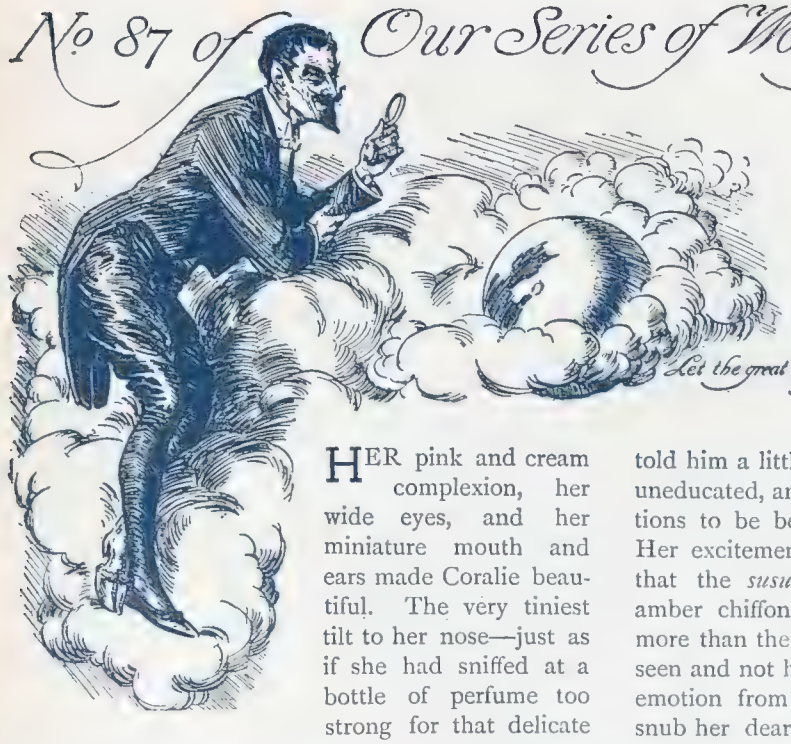
Mrs. Cyril Potter
Wife of the present owner of *L'Amoureuse*, and of the steam yacht *Morven*

Mrs. Renton

H.S.H. Princess Henry of Pless
One of the keenest of yachtswomen. She is never absent from Cowes during the Regatta

Photos *Kirk*

No. 87 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



A Matter of Propensity

By LEWIS MOLYNEUX

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

HER pink and cream complexion, her wide eyes, and her miniature mouth and ears made Coralie beautiful. The very tiniest tilt to her nose—just as if she had sniffed at a bottle of perfume too strong for that delicate organ—made her fascinating. She was tall and willowy, and dressed with all the sensuous skill that money can command. It is, indeed, curious that latter-day women, no matter what be their desires, unanimously and unconcernedly adopt those garments, and those fashions in garments, which are designed to increase the pace of man's pulse and blood. In London Society to-day there are many women with the souls of nuns, whose frocks have the *flair* of the half-world, and whose lingerie has the *timbre* of temptation.

Coralie Eulalie Carew was the daughter of wealthy parents, one a military K.C.B., and the other the scheming daughter of an astute caterer. In many ways she was spoilt by her parents and brothers, but not by the latter until her beauty had developed, and the dark, elastic-limbed little vixen of twelve had become a tall and slender siren of seventeen. In only one respect, indeed, were her whims and desires controlled by exterior forces. Her parents would not allow her to choose her own friends. They went further. Even in the narrow company of the elect they submitted her to an eternal chaperonage.

Now Coralie had been for some years at a High School, from whose curriculum deportment was philosophically omitted, and in her sunny sixteen days she had often climbed the school garden wall to enjoy the sticky embraces of a spectacled youth whose pure passion for romance in no way checked his weakness for butter-scotch. (The boy afterwards became a Turf accountant.) Coralie, therefore, at the age of twenty, was not to be bluffed with unalloyed toffee. She wanted kisses, surreptitious kisses, along with it, for she had tried the combination at an impressionable age and the flavour had lasted. Her parents, eager to supply the deficit, dangled before her the unhealthy prospect of an alliance with an undersized architect, who never by any chance paid her a pretty compliment, and irritated her by the irregularity of the cut of his clothes. One day, she told him a little heatedly that she thought him quite uneducated, and that he knew too much about foundations to be bearable from the feminine standpoint. Her excitement was probably largely due to the fact that the *susurrus* of her rose petticoats under an amber chiffon evening frock had provoked nothing more than the tactless remark that clothes should be seen and not heard. She did not for a moment expect emotion from him; but that he should deliberately snub her dear innocent frillies which hundreds and hundreds of those nice men that looked at her when she was out, and to whom she was never allowed to speak, would have serenaded from sheer musical sympathy—it was too annoying.

"I really cannot understand what made you so rude to young Rickaby," said her father when he heard of the outburst.

"Oh, dad, don't talk to me about him. I feel as if I should like to scratch straight lines on his face."

"Good gracious, my child! Do you know that his father was in my regiment?"

"I know, and I'm surprised, and I don't care, and I hate him."

"But, my dear, he is always very agreeable."

"I don't want to be talked to, dad. I want to be hugged!" And Coralie flung her rose petticoats over her arm and went off "to howl in the bedroom." Her father did not know what to make of it. He suggested to his wife that possibly Coralie had been reading Marie Corelli or something.

On the following day Coralie was put into a cab and despatched, with many injunctions, to a dressmaker's, her mother being too unwell to accompany her. At the corner of two busy streets a blundering chauffeur sent his car crashing into the back of the cab, with considerable damage to both vehicles. Coralie escaped with one or two nasty bruises, but she was violently shaken, and gratefully accepted the escort of an onlooker into a neighbouring tea-shop.

The stranger had a figure of the daffodil *genus*—long and drooping. He wore a dark-blue lounge suit, with a terrific slice up the back of the coat, and his flat-brimmed bowler was not in the right place on his head. His boots were half tan and half green—"probably his racing colours," thought Coralie. His complexion was dark, his moustache thin but sincere, and his chin rather starved. "He has worn it down by shaving too much," said Coralie to herself, "or by bending over to look at his boots. And those thin little moustaches, somehow, always make a man's face

(*Continued on page 240*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Leading Lady at "The Lane"

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who will be the leading lady in the Autumn Season at Drury Lane

Miss Augarde first made her appearance before a London audience in a leading part in *The Duchess of Dantzig*, afterwards creating the title-rôle of *Lady Madcap* at the Prince of Wales's. Perhaps her greatest success, however, has been that of one of *The Little Michus* with Miss Denise Orme at Daly's Theatre

(*Continued from page 238*)

look damp. But he's quite nice to me, so I suppose he knows he's ugly." He asked permission eventually to give her his card. When she saw his name she started, and, hard though she tried to conceal her excitement, the tell-tale colour rushed to her cheeks. The stranger was Lord Paulson, the eldest son of the aged and wealthy Earl of Stream, adjudged, by America at least, to be the most eligible bachelor in England. Coralie had not met him before, because she moved in a certain ring in London Society, of not very great social importance, that diligently discountenances what it is pleased to call "wasters." One becomes a "waster" by the excessive use of alcohol, the abolition of the limit at baccarat, and the maintenance of chorus-girls. Naturally, therefore, Coralie met very few young men of the class marked down by America as its own.

Surmising from the way he helped her into another hansom that he would call, if only for the purpose of making the usual polite inquiries, Coralie told her mother all about the adventure. Lady Carew could not be more than slightly annoyed. Though she fully realised the soundness of her husband's views on the vexed question of chaperonage, she came from a class where girls are almost invariably left to fight for themselves. Deep down in the British middle-class heart there is a belief that British young women are infinitely more strait-laced, immeasurably more self-controlled than their Continental cousins. It is a comforting creed, as, indeed, are most heretical beliefs. The actual fact that an English girl, dressed in the flagrantly sensuous English fashion, is just as likely to fall a victim to an unscrupulous philanderer as is the French *demoiselle* in her crisply cut costumes, generally plain to asceticism, is patriotically ignored. And when the wealthy English maiden is captured by a penniless adventurer, it is always she that is blamed, never her happy-go-lucky parents, who, either from selfishness or gross ignorance, made no attempt either to control the circle of their daughter's acquaintance or to interest themselves in the reputation and character of the men who accompanied her on innumerable *tête-à-tête* excursions. Lady Carew, in the long-ago days when she bore the facetiously falsetto name of Sophie Prout, was left to do very much as she liked by her money-grubbing parents, and as she had inherited from them a purely business temperament, in which the most ordinary emotions barely found a place, she did well. The Indian Staff Corps Lieutenant-Colonel, whom she found in a punt by Cliveden Woods, was easily transformed into a husband, and, once a husband, by methods slow and sure, into a Major-General and a K.C.B. Her own experience of the independent girl's fate had therefore been satisfactory, but she had seen enough to know that any young woman sentimentally or romantically inclined might easily make terrible and irremediable mistakes, and therefore, though Coralie had her sympathy, she enthusiastically abetted her husband in his fierce determination to run no risks with their exceedingly attractive daughter.

But the identity of this chance acquaintance demanded a modification of the point of view. Certainly the man would call, and, therefore, Sir Henry must hear the whole story.

"The father of this young man," said the old General, after sitting for some moments in silence at the conclusion of his wife's recital, "was an Indian Viceroy. He was an impetuous administrator, and therefore hardly a success, but he was a Viceroy." Lady Carew listened respectfully. She understood Vicereines, not their husbands.

"He has, we are given to understand, led a very fast life, but, unless gossip travels less quickly than it did thirty years ago, he has so far not burnt his fingers. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, Sophia, that Coralie is the daughter of a divisional commander." Lady Carew became more interested. She understood divisional commanders—better than anyone.

"While there is hope for the salvation of the son of a Viceroy, he cannot reasonably be regarded as an undesirable companion for the daughter of a divisional commander. I shall not be at home to-morrow afternoon."

When Lord Paulson called on the following day, this time correctly and agreeably dressed, Lady Carew felt justified in asking him to dine with them on a date then about two weeks ahead. She very promptly discerned that the youthful beauty of her vivacious daughter had made a deep impression on the son of the ex-Viceroy, and she felt not a little pleasure at the fact that her invitation was readily accepted without the least symptom of a wriggle.

"I did feel that I was entitled to a cup of tea from Miss Carew," said his lordship, stretching his long legs under the table, "because, y' know, I gave her some in Bond Street. But if you persist in making it a dinner, I shall begin to think myself something of a hero. If you remember," he said, turning to Coralie, "I did volunteer to ride on the back of your cab on the way home to ward off any more runaway motors."

"And if mother had not asked you to dinner?" Coralie could not resist interjecting.

"Well, I thought of hiring a man to run down the next hansom you engaged." Lady Carew beamed benignantly at this boy and girl chatter, and betook herself, quite confidently, to the morning-room to over-feed some quasi-starved canaries.

The dinner-party, the hostess told herself afterwards, was a triumphant success. Lord Paulson had, with the assistance of his father's memory and some old Army Lists, mastered the details of Sir William's military career, and oiled the old warrior's vanity in a highly diplomatic fashion considering his years. To Rickaby and one or two other old-fashioned guests who were inclined to be icy, he was, in the words of Coralie, "gloriously rude," and to Lady Carew a model of attention and gallantry. Coralie found him amusing now for a far different reason from that which inspired her almost to laugh in his face in Bond Street. There had been no sign of vulgarity or effeminacy in his dress since that day, and, thanks to the diplomacy of an experienced mother, she had met him several times since, though usually only for a few moments.

The guests were gone, and the host and hostess were purring in the drawing-room, Sir William on the hearthrug, and Lady Carew in an easy-chair, with her chin resting on her hand. Coralie sat on the narrow end of the grand piano.

"I'm going down the river with him to-morrow," said she, breaking a silence. Sir William dropped his cigar, and Lady Carew sat up straight.

"My dear!" The pain in her father's tones made Coralie tingle with indignation.

"Oh, dad, you won't be so silly as to object. We are going with another man and another girl." Sir William turned to his wife, his eyes opening wider. Lady Carew did not meet his eye, nor did she speak.

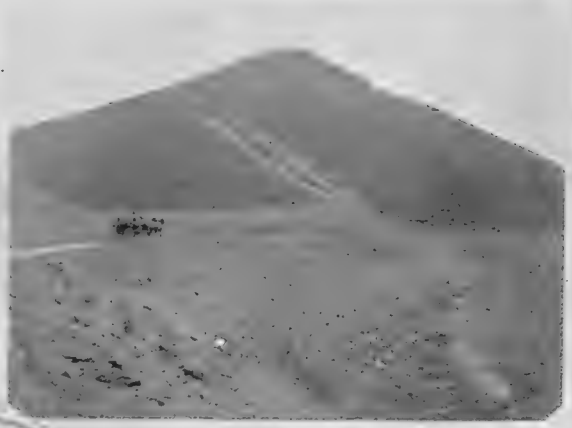
"Are we really to understand, Coralie, that this invitation is not—er—is not extended to your mother?"

(*Continued on page 242*)

The Wreckage of War

PORT ARTHUR VISITED IN PEACE TIME

The Key to Port Arthur
A view of 203 Metre Hill, the scene of the terrific engagement. When captured by the Japanese, they were able to command the whole harbour with their guns

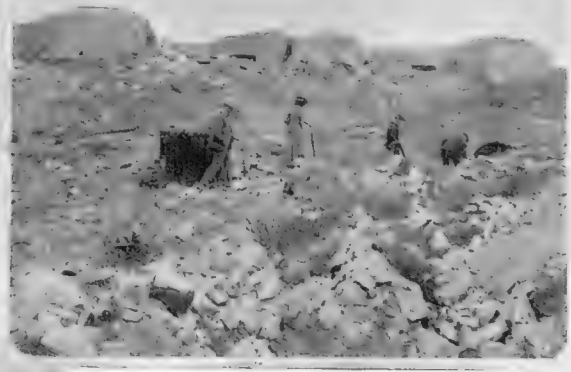


Keekwashan Fort
Notice the guns still remaining on the summit, and, as a contrast, the very European-looking conveyance passing along the road

An Overturned Russian Gun at Erklungshan
On the right, five miles away, is the hill on which were the Japanese naval and siege guns

The Ditch in Front of Songshushan Fort
Partially filled with débris caused by the first mine exploded by the Japanese

Inside the Fort of Songshushan
Almost immediately after the capture of this fort Stoessel surrendered. The Japanese only succeeded in reaching the interior of the fort ten days after capturing the first trench



Below the Songshushan Fort
Showing the parapet, which was 40 ft. high and 20 ft. thick of solid concrete, blown in every direction

VIEWS OF THE ENVIRONS OF PORT ARTHUR, FOR THE ALLEGED WEAK DEFENCE OF WHICH STOESSEL IS NOW ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

(*Continued from page 240*)

"There are to be four of us. You know perfectly well that for a little excursion of this description no reasonable people would expect us to take a chaperon."

"Tut, tut! It is not for little girls of twenty to define reasonable impropriety."

Coralie jumped down from the piano, and stood facing him for a moment with clenched fists.

"I will go! I will go!" she cried, passionately stamping her foot. "You have made me ridiculous by shadowing me wherever I go. Don't think I'm in love with the man. His name and position, much as it dazzles you, is nothing to me. But he has offered me the opportunity that I've been waiting for for years of enjoying myself without a pack of detectives round me, and I'm going to take it." The girl was white with excitement and passion, and Lady Carew wisely checked her husband's reply.

"Very well, Coralie, you shall go," she said. "Now go to bed, and if you borrow my brushes, don't forget to put them back again."

"What did you say that for?" asked Sir William rudely, when Coralie had gone.

"I like the man. He is boyish, and certainly not clever. We both know that, in his set, a chaperon for a little excursion like this would be regarded as an absurdity. Therefore, his omission to mention the matter to us cannot be regarded as insulting. I can see that he is very taken with Coralie, and I am sure she likes him. A match between them would gratify you even more than me, but a match there never will be if they are not given opportunities of the kind that they will have to-morrow."

"He has a pretty poor reputation. Coralie is an impulsive, excitable girl."

"There are to be four in the party."

"Two of whom will be inevitably detained," sneered Sir William.

"We play for big stakes. We must take little risks. I accept the responsibility."

"Well, on that understanding, I wash my hands of the matter."

Sir William was wrong in his surmise as to the final constitution of the boating party. The full party of four went through Boulter's Lock—in two punts.

. . . . . .

At five o'clock on the day of the excursion, Coralie drove up in a hansom to the door of her parents' house. Once inside, she hurried to her bedroom and locked herself in. She sat down in a low chair in front of a tall pier-glass, and minutely examined her appearance. Her eyes were cold and hard, her manner cool and unruffled. She took the pins from her hat and tossed it on to a couch. Then for some minutes more she sat, still looking at her reflection in the glass. Her brain was busily at work, but there was no external sign of any inward excitement.

At last a flush of colour suffused her cheeks. She rose, and began to walk up and down the room. Then suddenly, with impetuous haste, she tore off the outer skin of the beautiful cocoon of clothes that clung to her body. Kicking off her shoes, she threw herself on to the bed, and lay on her back staring at the ceiling, still thinking, thinking. At last her lip trembled, she muttered something to herself, and turned her face into the pillow. She cried—softly at first, then hardly and bitterly. Her prone body thrilled perceptibly at each harsh sob. Now and again her clenched hand flogged the bed-covering.

Coralie was pitying herself. Her upbringing had been reserved, retired, almost conventual. Of the world she knew nothing, largely because of the sheer inability of her mother, who knew life as a whole, to teach. Chastity of thought was not with her a virtue, because it was unavoidable. Therefore when, on that afternoon, she had suddenly found herself in the midst of a most intimate, stimulating conversation with a man of bad reputation, she had been utterly at a loss for a method whereby to pilot her ingenuous desires into a safe haven. She had sought to be pleased, and therefore had sought to please. But she did not realise the precise cost of pleasing, or, if she realised the cost, she had but very crude ideas of how to avoid being overcharged. When in the July heat, under those wonderful trees, he had put his arms round her, she had felt that if he had waited any longer she would have reminded him of his backwater obligations. When he had kissed and flattered her, she had felt that her prettiness and her frock deserved no less than that, and the afternoon had begun to shape as she had desired. Then he had spoken of new things that the innocent thrill to discuss, and in a few minutes she had felt the need of a guide. She had lain silent, her tongue and brain helpless. Then he had insulted her. Insulted was a poor word. He had spoken as if he were coaxing a little dog that usually one called with a whistle. Why had she been allowed to go? They must have known that she was going into danger. They must have known that a girl must either be taught independence, self-guidance, passion control from an early age, or guarded vigilantly and unceasingly from cradle to bridal altar. She had been cruelly abandoned. Trained for a vocation of innocence, they had allowed her to compete with professors of precociousness.

A knocking at the door was not noticed by Coralie. Her mother, who had just got home from some afternoon calls, had heard with some surprise of her daughter's early return, and had gone at once to Coralie's bedroom. Getting no reply to her knocks, she fetched another key, and so gained admittance to the room. Before she had recovered from her astonishment at the litter of clothes on the floor, Coralie sat up and faced her.

"Whatever in the world is the matter, dear?" Coralie bit her lip, and did not answer. "You've been crying, dear. Do tell me what has happened."

"Nothing very much has happened to-day, mother. It has happened in the last five years. You knew what sort of a man Lord Paulson was. You told me, but I could not realise what it meant. If you had let me know something of the world, and had not treated me as a child, I should not have been insulted to-day."

"How did he insult you?" Lady Carew's face became white and hard. Coralie saw the expression in her mother's face, and resented the notion that she should pronounce judgment.

"I don't blame him so much now—not since I've had time to think. I'm very pretty"—she hissed the word out—"and I wear such pretty clothes." She got up and walked down the room.

"It was all very idyllic, the sun on the river, and so on. I was led on—you see, mother, I hardly knew what kisses were like—or, perhaps, I led him. When his manner became offensive, I did not understand at first. When he made me understand, I think I struck him."

"He afterwards apologised?"

"Oh, yes—yes! He excused himself on grounds that, in the light of after-reasoning, seem good enough for men of his stamp. I repeat that I don't blame him so much as you." To Coralie's surprise, her mother smiled slightly.

"I don't see that I have made an error of judgment

(*Continued on page 244*)

The Poster Persuasive

HOW THE RAILWAY COMPANIES TRY TO TEMPT THE HOLIDAY-MAKER

"As Happy as a Sand-boy"

A clever G.N.R. poster advertising one of the many popular trips to the Northern districts

Days were when the railways of this country seemed to consider the traveller as a being provided by Providence for their especial benefit. He might be charged the highest possible prices, taken to his destination by the longest possible route with the greatest expenditure of time in the most uncomfortable of carriages. To-day, the traveller has come into his own, and the Companies, no longer acting the part of tyrant, now seek to tempt him to visit the chief places on their lines with every allurement they can devise, short of free travel, though in many instances the fares are so low that it almost amounts to the same thing. The three posters here reproduced are only typical of many others which are now giving us breaths of the sea and country on the hoardings.

"The Cock o the North"

Since the first excursion was run by arrangement with Mr. Thos. Cook of Leicester in 1841, the Midland Railway have made a speciality of cheap and fast travel

England's Riviera

The similarities of Cornwall and Italy have been cleverly brought out by the above G.W.R. poster, and should tempt many to pay a visit to this delightful region

(Particulars of the railway arrangements for the holidays will be found on page 244)

(*Continued from page 242*)

even," said Lady Carew. "Your behaviour, if violent, was, from the only important point of view, exemplary. You have the whip-hand of the man now."

"I shall never speak to him again."

"Nonsense, dear. You, at least, are woman enough to differentiate between unscrupulous philandering and mere boyish passion."

"He is a cad—not a boy."

"Then there was a time, Coralie, when I might have called your father a cad." Mother and daughter looked straight into each other's eyes. The girl's eyelids fell first. She blushed hotly and stepped away from her mother—the mother who was giving her the first of the lessons that she had demanded. Coralie sat on the bed, and plucked nervously at the quilt. Her mother gazed at her a little compassionately, finally rising and sitting by her side. Coralie felt her mother's arms round her and a kiss of gentle sympathy on her mouth. She felt someone stroke her hair and pat her shoulder. A chord in Coralie's memory was touched. She rested her head on her mother's breast.

A moment after Lady Carew had left the room a note was brought to Coralie by a maid. She saw at once that it was from Lord Paulson, but she did not hesitate to open it. Her first impulse, when the letter was read, was to take it to her mother, but, on reflection, she tore it up. The letter showed a little too completely that her mother was right. It scarcely left a margin for argument. The writer was a boy, possibly a perfectly sincere boy, who had boyishly blundered, and was now asking for forgiveness with boyish clumsiness. When this was thoroughly borne in upon her, Coralie felt rather ashamed of the extravagant attitude she had originally adopted. The most innocent of women, she argued, should have been able to appreciate this childish outburst of passion at its real value. Not only her education, but her instinct had been at fault. It was very galling, at twenty years of age, to lack the intuitive gifts that her mother must have enjoyed at nineteen.

Downstairs, in the dining-room, Lady Carew told her husband as much of the incident as bore promise of the success of her ambitious scheme.

"You may give the girl her freedom now. Of that I am perfectly certain. We took the risk on the strength of her training, and we are completely justified."

Sir William did not entirely share his wife's confidence about the matter. He thought of the dry-as-dust, phlegmatic temperament of young Rickaby, and contrasted him with the impulsive Paulson, who, apart from his social qualification, was entirely ungifted. He felt that Coralie had yet to wage war with a man such as he had been in his subaltern days, polished, impetuous, and more than ordinarily good-looking. But when, six months later, Coralie eloped with the family chauffeur, who had good manners and large eyes, he resignedly confined himself to condemning his errant daughter's maternal ancestors.

LEWIS MOLYNEUX.

HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

By the Great Northern and North Eastern Lines

North Eastern England, lying "'twixt the Humber and the Tweed," is little known to the average holiday-maker, especially to those in the South, and yet, with the unrivalled facilities offered by the Great Northern and North Eastern Railways, no part of our island is more "getatable." The North Eastern Railway, from their chief offices at York, issue a number of most useful booklets free, while several, such as a "Cyclists' Guide," "Angling in N. E. England," etc., can be obtained for a few pence. Holiday travel in this beautiful district, among the hills and dales of Yorkshire and Northumberland, is also of the cheapest. Cycling and walking tour tickets, self-planned tour tickets, giving exceptional facilities for tours planned by parties, golfers' tickets, and 1,000-mile tickets—books containing 1,000 first-class coupons at the rate of about 1¼*d.* a mile—are all issued. Full particulars of these facilities can be obtained from York.

On Saturdays, July 27 and August 3, excursions for two to sixteen days will be run to Edinburgh and Glasgow. They are known as the "Daylight Express Corridor Excursions," and leave King's Cross at 12.0 noon. On Friday, August 2, excursions for two to seventeen days will be run to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, etc., a special feature being the provision of up-to-date corridor carriages, with attendants who will serve light refreshments *en route*.

On Saturday, August 3, excursions for three, six, or eight days will be run to stations on the Norfolk coast, Lincoln, Grimsby, and other Lincolnshire stations; Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds, and other Yorkshire stations; also to Nottingham, Derby, Burton, etc.; in addition to which excursion tickets for periods varying from three to seventeen days will be issued to the whole of the stations on the East Coast, to Lancashire and to the Isle of Man.

For the convenience of golfers and other visitors to the Norfolk coast, wishing to spend the week-end at Sheringham and Cromer, a restaurant-car train will leave King's Cross at 5.45 p.m. on Friday, August 2, by which week-end tickets will be available.

The Midland Railway

Under the title of "The Best Route for Comfortable Travel and Picturesque Scenery," the Midland Railway Company have issued, for the guidance of holiday-seekers, an attractive programme of excursions in connection with the August Bank Holiday. The programme consists of some forty pages, and contains a wealth of information prepared in a very simple form, showing at a glance where to go, the period for which tickets are available, the time the trains leave, and fares, routes, etc. The bookings are from St. Pancras and suburban stations, Woolwich, and Greenwich, to the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midland Counties, the Lake District, Yorkshire, North of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and the tickets are available for varying periods up to seventeen days.

On Thursday, August 1, and every Thursday until September 26, tickets, available for sixteen days, will be issued from St. Pancras to places in the North of Ireland, *viâ* Heysham (the new express route), and thence to Belfast by the splendid new turbine or twin-screw steamers; or to the South of Ireland, including Dublin, Killarney, and other principal resorts; also to Londonderry by direct steamer. A special third-class daylight excursion, with corridor carriages, will leave St. Pancras at 11 a.m., on Saturday, August 3, and every Saturday up to September 7, for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Helensburgh. A dining car is attached to this train, which will enable travellers to take luncheon, etc., in comfort on the journey. The tickets are available for eight or sixteen days. Special expresses will also leave St. Pancras at 7.15 and 10.0 p.m. for all parts of Scotland and the North of England on August 2, and every Friday until September 27, for seven or seventeen days. Special express services will run from St. Pancras on Friday midnight, August 2, for three, six, or eight days, and on Saturday midnight, August 3, for two, five, or seven days, to the following towns: Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Stockport, Manchester, etc.

August Bank Holiday on the Continent

Tickets at reduced fares, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels, on July 31, August 1, 2, 3, and 5, and to Zurich, *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp. Dining and breakfast cars are run between London and Parkeston Quay, Harwich, on the Antwerp service. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Scheveningen (the Dutch Brighton), and Amsterdam for the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee, special facilities are offered, *viâ* the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. A corridor train, with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast cars, is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars are run on the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening.

(*Particulars of further arrangements will be found on p.* xii.)

"The Bystander" in the Near East

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*)

A Cosmopolitan Group in Syria

The sender, Mr. T. Ladakis, Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria, writes: "This photo was taken in front of one of the college buildings, and the readers of your valuable paper are four of our students. The tall one is a Jew from Rhodes, the one on the left is a Greek from Athens, and in between is a boy from Egypt, while the small boy in the background is a Syrian"

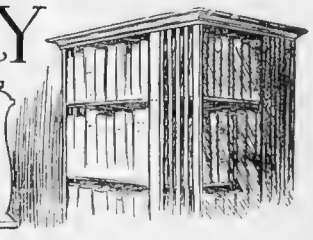
On the Site of Troy

Of far more interest, apparently, than the ruins of the city of Priam are the modern pictures of The Bystander, surely a high compliment to be paid to an illustrated paper. Sent by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street

Where Women May Not Tread: A Monastery on Mount Athos, the "Holy Mountain," in Macedonia

The scene of this picture is a monastery on Mount Athos, Macedonia, the most Eastern of the three peninsulas which stretch like a trident into the Aegean Sea. No woman may set her foot on this peninsula, and no animal of the female sex—not even a cow, a mare, a goat, or a tabby cat. However, it will be noticed that one of the monks looking at The Bystander has still some of the "old Adam" left in him, for he was far from uninterested in some pictures of the fair sex to be seen in the paper, a copy of which a recent visitor took with him on a ride across the peninsula. Sent by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"Pranks in Provence." By Percy Wadham. (Brown, Langham.)
"The Lodestar." By Max Pemberton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Queen of a Day." By J. S. Fletcher. (Unwin: 6s.)

Fooling in France

If anybody is especially anxious to be made a fool of, he can enjoy the process somewhat fully by securing a copy of *Pranks in Provence* (Brown Langham), an "up-to-date description of a tour in Southern France" (illustrated), by "L and A," edited by Mr. Percy Wadham, A.R.E. One might begin this book suspecting it to be a serious narrative of the humorous escapades, on the poor Continent, of a confederated artist and writer. It *looks* like this. The sketches are etched with some semblance of serious purpose, and, as a matter of fact, are charged with no small degree of charm. The letterpress, too, begins in much the familiar way. The writer is L, the artist A. They seem to be about to have the usual experiences of the usual tourist in unhappy France—they cycle on the wrong side of the road, get at loggerheads with the language, encounter strange women and awkward dogs, etc., etc. However, it turns out afterwards that the writer has done all this with malice aforethought. At the end of the book he adds a "postscript," telling us how to do the literary part of an up-to-date travel book—or the art of wrapping a collection of words round nothing. The author advises the aspirant to avoid the instructive and the archæological at all costs, and to "narrate in as light and uninstructive manner as possible what he ate and drank and where he slept—no more." He tells us the art of "evolving incidents," and confesses that the whole of the episodes in *Pranks in Provence* might have occurred—actually did occur—elsewhere. In fact, *Pranks in Provence* is a compilation of deliberate *blague*. Certainly the postscript with its delicious gibes at modern travel-writing, is one of the brightest pieces of fooling I have lately read. Seriously, though, we ought to hear more of Mr. Percy Wadham. He has a style of his own, which, if adapted, might place him in the front rank of the serious humorists of the day.

A Quasi-Religious Story

Miss Mona is the title of quite a delicate little study by Miss Dorothy V. Horace Smith (Methuen). The heroine is a lady who, disappointed in love, has devoted herself to the good work of conducting a class of rough boys. Her influence over her pupils spreads far into their after-life, and there is a combination of religion and worldly wisdom in her counsels which is distinctly pleasing. As years go on, Miss Mona comes down in the world, and is compelled to sell, during a boom, a prized picture. As it turns out, the purchaser whose appearance saves her from poverty is one of her old pupils, grown rich. There is another pupil, whose end is different, and the story turns chiefly on the lives of these two lads. There is not a deal of incident in the story, but a certain amount of philosophy. Miss Mona herself is a lovable character, and the boys are evidently drawn from life. Miss Smith should again be heard of as a distinct acquisition to *quasi*-religious fiction. There is no suggestion of cant or of "sloppiness" in her narrative, and the appeal is accordingly stronger and more general in its scope.

Mr. Max Pemberton

To remind us that the art of writing melodramatic novels has still some staunch adherents come *The Lodestar*, by Max Pemberton (Ward, Lock and Co.: 6s.), and *The Queen of a Day*, by J. S. Fletcher (Unwin: 6s.). Mr. Pemberton's story is quite up to his former level, and considerably better than his last published volume. Though it has in the background the dark machinations of Polish anarchists in London, and Siberian exiles and the knout, and other familiar paraphernalia, the action takes place mostly in London. Gessner, one Pole, has wronged Boriskoff, another Pole, by stealing a secret invention. He has grown rich on its proceeds, the while denouncing Boriskoff to the Russian Government and getting him imprisoned. Well, after his release, Boriskoff traces Gessner, and, as part-payment for his wrongs, insists that Gessner shall receive into his palatial London house one Alban Kennedy, a youth from Whitechapel, whose family came down in the world and left him, though educated, a beggar. Alban's adventures in "high life" make interesting reading, for the youth has a certain rough refinement and honesty which is in pleasing contrast to his flashy and showy surroundings. Boriskoff's motive in attaching Alban to Gessner's household is that Alban is in love with his own daughter. As luck will have it, Alban, in his new surroundings, forgets, for a while, his Whitechapel "donah," and succumbs to the charms of Gessner's daughter. In the end, however, he returns to his original love, and the other girl proves to be worthless. The most interesting chapter in the book is in the earlier part of the story, in which Alban, as an outcast, spends a night in the "caves" underneath the St. James's district of the West End, to which, apparently, access was to be gained during the building of the Carlton Hotel, and which extend from the Haymarket to St. James's Street. That London possesses this secret "city under a city" is quite an interesting revelation—if, indeed, its extent is as large as the story indicates. Not having time to make the exploration, I accept Mr. Pemberton's word for it, and hope nobody will come down and disillusion me.

And Mr. J. S. Fletcher

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's novel, *The Queen of a Day*, has, in the background, no less familiar material than that of Mr. Pemberton—the usual mythical kingdom "somewhere in the Balkans." If all such kingdoms which have been created by fictionists could be grouped together, the Balkans would extend from Belgrade to Kamtschatka—a positively horrible thought from the political standpoint. Mr. Fletcher's heroine is the Queen of one of such kingdoms for one day, and the circumstances which caused her so to be must, it goes without saying, be of a certain dramatic interest. She has a good deal of trouble to establish her identity as the missing Princess of Montalba, kidnapped at her birth, and only revealed on the death of the Court Physician who attended thereat; and it is a little rough, therefore—all the bother over, and the Queen, as an autocrat, permitted to marry the young man of her heart, plain Dr. Fordyce—that it should, at the end, transpire that she is not really the Queen at all, but another lady. The fact that the author, at the end, confers on her the title of "Queen of Hearts" is scant compensation. Had Mr. Fletcher wished to make his story "excellent" instead of "very good," he could, I think, have done so by having his heroine *really* the Queen, but making her abdicate because she would rather be a beggar with the man she loved than a Queen without him! That would be the line. The mixed baby business, and all the other complications on which the curtain falls, are scarcely worthy of so nice a writer. However, the "Queen" is a lady whom holiday-makers may confidently be recommended to make, in a novel-reading sense, "The Queen of a Day."

A New Word

Journalists are always glad to welcome a new word into daily use, provided its derivatory antecedents are respectable. Therefore, it was with much joy that I received a request, recently, from a publishing firm to publish a "laudagraph" of one of their books. "Laudagraph" is exactly the word advertisers and editors alike have been awaiting. "Puff" is a little terse and brutal; "notice" rather formal and unimaginative. "Laudagraph" is pretty and eminently expressive. May its career be long and prosperous. Those who benefit by it, however, must be prepared to suffer the inevitable consequences. "Laudagraph" has a converse—"damnagraph"—which is bound to appear in due course, and its exclusive use is not likely necessarily to be reserved by the *Daily Mail*.

VIVIAN CARTER.

A HOME FOR THE FATHERLESS

The Chapel of the London Orphan Asylum, Watford

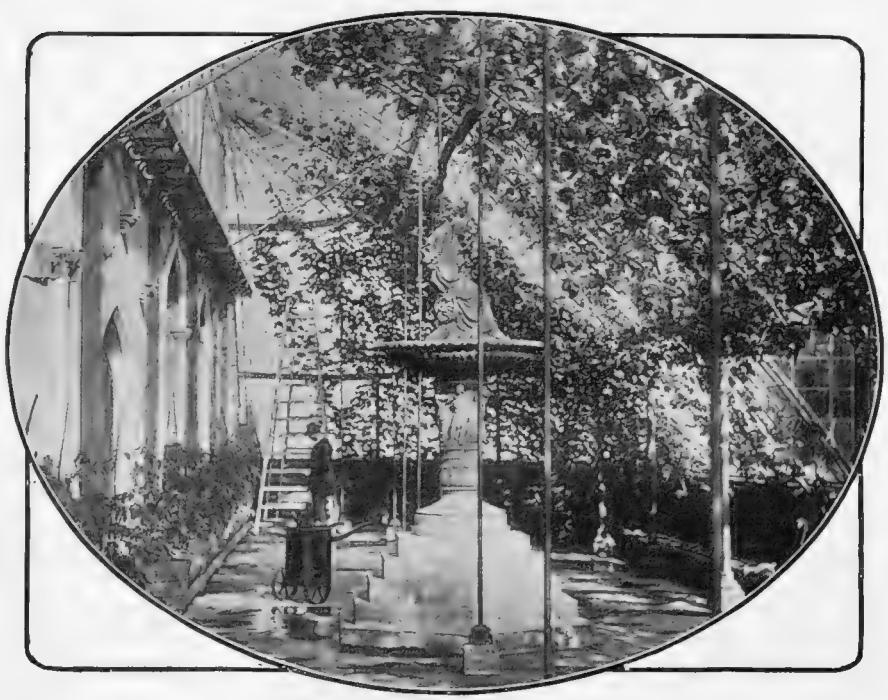
Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

Dinner-Time in the Refectory

The London Orphan Asylum at Watford, at which the Bishop of London recently presented the prizes, is one of the most ancient of the many benevolent institutions of the country which are devoted to the care of the fatherless. The boys and girls there, five hundred in number, receive an excellent education, and go out into the world with every prospect of becoming useful and prosperous citizens of the Empire

Vines in Summer

Grapes, like all other fruits, are very backward this year, and in many a large and airy vinery, admirable structures for the purpose in a warm summer, it has been necessary to use artificial heat at a season when the sun's rays are almost invariably sufficient. Important as it always is to keep the foliage thin, it was never more important than now. There is no other way of compensating for the deficiency of sunshine—no other way, therefore, of getting the berries to colour properly; and their size depends largely on the size of the leaves, and not on their number. Where only one shoot has been left on a spur, where it has been stopped at the second leaf beyond the bunch, and where all sub-laterals have been removed, or, when space permits, shortened to a single leaf, there is not likely to be any crowding; but where several shoots are growing from each spur—a condition which one often sees—very little light will be able to penetrate the dense mass of foliage overhead, and the berries must be badly coloured. An improvement may be effected by taking off a leaf here and there, but those from which the bunches spring should not be interfered with. If that is not enough, it may be necessary to remove an entire shoot or two, even though it carries fruit. It is better to sacrifice one bunch than to spoil two. At the first appearance of mildew—and, unfortunately, it is likely to be prevalent this autumn—the fire should be lighted and flowers of sulphur strewn on the hot pipes. Fire-heat may also be necessary for ripening the wood, but equally important is plenty of fresh air. In some vineries the lights are taken right off as soon as the crop is gathered.



A Well-kept Vinery

This year, in almost every vinery, it has been found necessary to supplement the meagre supply of the sun's rays by artificial heat for the ripening of the fruit

Pot Plants in Rooms

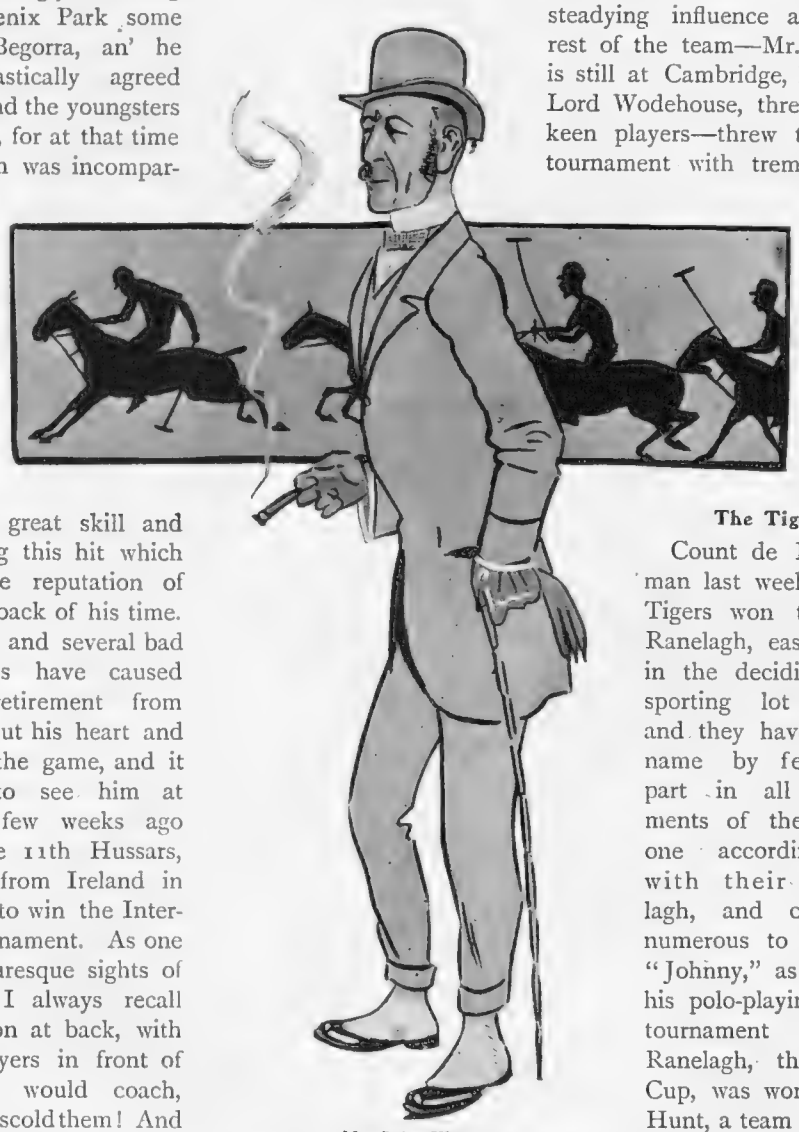
The fear of spoiling many kinds of pot plants often prevents their being brought into the house when they are wanted there; but, after all, what is the good of growing them if they are never to be placed where they can be seen? If a little care is exercised, few plants, even among those requiring stove treatment, are injured by removal to a room in summer if they are not allowed to remain more than about a week at a time. Of course, they must not stand in a draught; the foliage must be kept clean; they must be watered when they need water, but not until they do. The saucers in which the pots usually stand in a room are objectionable, because they prevent the escape of the surplus water and are thus apt to cause injury to the roots, but if it is poured away the objection is removed. With these precautions, almost any plant may be brought indoors for a time. In the case of such as the poinsettias and the crotons, whose brilliantly coloured foliage is very beautiful, it does not matter much even if they are allowed to remain until they begin to lose their freshness, for if they are to be seen at their best they should be propagated anew, by means of cuttings, every year. This is a good time to repot palms and draccenas, both indispensable as pot plants, and also to strike cuttings of show pelargoniums. Mignonette makes a charming pot plant in winter when it is well grown. It may easily be raised by means of seeds sown now—three or four in a pot, the seedlings being subsequently reduced to one.

H. C. Davidson.

POLO: THE SEASON'S FINISH

An Irish Enthusiast

"Faith! John Watson wad bate 'em all by thimselves!" The remark was made by one little ragged urchin to another as they stood keenly watching and amusingly criticising the polo at Phœnix Park some years ago. "Begorra, an' he would," enthusiastically agreed his companion, and the youngsters were nearly right, for at that time Mr. John Watson was incomparable in defensive play. He it was who first appreciated the true value of that stroke, now indispensable in good polo, known as the "back-hander," and it was partly his great skill and power in utilising this hit which won for him the reputation of being the finest back of his time. Advancing years and several bad hunting accidents have caused Mr. Watson's retirement from London polo; but his heart and soul are still in the game, and it was delightful to see him at Hurlingham a few weeks ago cheering on the 11th Hussars, who had come from Ireland in another attempt to win the Inter-Regimental Tournament. As one of the most picturesque sights of the polo field, I always recall Mr. John Watson at back, with three young players in front of him. How he would coach, praise, admonish, scold them! And the faster the game was the more deeply Irish became his brogue. A sportsman of the best type is Mr. Watson, as any Irishman will tell you.



Mr. John Watson

One of the best-known Irish polo players a few years back, but advancing years and several hunting accidents have now caused his retirement from the game

(An Impression by "Snaffles")

Old Cantabs at Ostend

Most of the players who went to Ostend, where the polo season ended on Saturday, seem to have had a good time, and the Old Cantabs are specially pleased with the result of their trip, victory resting with them in the Prix International. The team certainly had bad luck in the London tournaments, and their success at Ostend was some sort of consolation to them. Mr. Freake, always so collected and unruffled, exercised a steadying influence at No. 3, but the rest of the team—Mr. N. W. Loder, who is still at Cambridge, Mr. Isaac Bell, and Lord Wodehouse, three young, desperately keen players—threw themselves into the tournament with tremendous vigour. In the final tie their dashing tactics completely upset Rugby, for whom Mr. George Miller was not in his usual form, and quite failed to hold Mr. Bell.

The Tigers Triumphant

Count de Madre was a proud man last week, when his team of Tigers won the Points Cup at Ranelagh, easily beating Tiverton in the deciding match. A good sporting lot are these Tigers, and they have acted up to their name by fearlessly taking a part in all the best tournaments of the season. Everyone accordingly was pleased with their success at Ranelagh, and congratulations were numerous to Count de Madre—"Johnny," as he is known to all his polo-playing friends. The last tournament of the season at Ranelagh, the Hunt Challenge Cup, was won by the East Kent Hunt, a team made up of officers of the 20th Hussars, a pretty warm combination, as they showed when comfortably defeating the Essex Union Hunt in the final.

Form During the Past Season

There are plenty of good young polo players coming on, but they scarcely got a proper chance in the past London season owing to the bad weather which continually interrupted play. About thirty days

were lost at Hurlingham and the other clubs on account of the wet, and when it is stated that there are only about seventy days in all available for play during the three months, it will be easily seen what a disastrous season it was for clubs and players alike. For accidents, too, it was a particularly bad time, Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Morres Nickalls, Captain E. D. Miller, and Major Powell being among those who got rather badly crocked. "Form" was simply nullified by the unfavourable conditions, and some of our finest players—notably Mr. George Miller, Mr. Gill, Captain Lloyd, Mr. Rotheram, Mr. Cecil Nickalls, and Captain Herbert Wilson—never seemed to find their true game, save, perhaps, in an occasional match. Let us hope for better luck in 1908. Two such summers coming consecutively would prove very damaging to polo. A. W. C.

GOLF

By ERNEST LEHMANN

Mr. Fowler's Proposal for Better Government

Now that the Championships are over, and very little of general interest is occurring in the golfing world, we all owe a debt of gratitude to anyone bringing forward a proposal of sufficient import to warrant its discussion in these and other pages. Such a proposal has been mooted by Mr. Herbert Fowler in a letter addressed to the editor of *Country Life*. Through the courtesy of the editor of our contemporary, I have been privileged to express my views on the subject in its columns. I trust, however, that I shall not be trespassing on the domains of *Country Life* if I give my own readers, who may possibly not see that paper, some idea of the main lines of Mr. Fowler's proposal. Let me, first of all, say that Mr. Fowler is a most loyal member of the Royal and Ancient Club, and that his chief desire is to strengthen the authority of the ruling power of the golfing realm. But, like myself, he is dissatisfied with the present position of affairs, and more particularly with the method and manner by which any fresh legislation is carried out. He dislikes the general meeting of members of the Royal and Ancient as the ultimate arbiter in all matters pertaining to the rules, and he outlines a plan for altering and bettering the present system.

The Constitution of a Permanent Court

Briefly put, his idea is to enlarge the present Rules of Golf Committee and to constitute it a permanent court for managing all the affairs of golf, whether Championships, Rules, or anything else that calls for management or decision. He would constitute this body of thirty picked members of the Royal and Ancient Club, chosen so as to be representative of all parts of the United Kingdom, and he justly maintains that the membership of the Club is so all-embracing that members representative of all sections could be found within the Club. He would give powers to this Grand Committee to appoint sub-committees to deal with various local matters in various parts of the Kingdom — one for London and the South, one for the West, one for the Midlands, one for the North of England, one for Ireland, one for East and one for West Scotland. He would like this committee to meet twice a year, at St. Andrews and also at the Championships. Thus, instead of a somewhat amorphous body such as the general meeting of members twice a year at the two medal meetings at St. Andrews, we should have as our supreme authority a picked body of thirty experts kept in touch by the reports of their sub-committees with the trend of opinion in various parts of the country. Now, as I have said, on one point Mr. Fowler and the present writer are in complete agreement. We both think that the general meeting of members as constituted at present is the worst possible body for deciding knotty points of golf legislation. My readers will, perhaps, remember that in a former article I dealt with this system, and humbly submitted a plan for its alteration.

A Less Drastic Step

The Royal and Ancient Club is partly social and partly golfing. At general meetings, which are held twice a year, at the Spring and Autumn meetings, on the afternoon preceding the medal day, questions of the utmost moment may be decided by the votes of members who cannot in any sense be regarded as golfers. On the other hand, some of the keenest players and best authorities of the Club may be absent from the meeting through their desire to get their afternoon round and their last practice previous to the medal round. The accident of the ballot may give them a late number for starting that last afternoon round, and, faced with the choice between round and meeting, I know only too well that the meeting would come off second best. My own proposal, of a much less drastic order than Mr. Fowler's, was to separate purely club and local affairs from the larger questions affecting the game in general. I suggested that the former should be dealt with by the general meeting, as at present, but that, whenever questions of the latter order came up for decision, there should be another special general meeting during the medal week, held on such a day and at such an hour as would enable all members to attend and to give their undivided attention to the important questions before them.

Too Sweeping

Mr. Fowler's plan is a much larger one, and requires, for its successful carrying out, a large body of opinion inside and outside the Club favourable to it. Personally, I have serious doubts whether the members of the Royal and Ancient Club will be willing to resign their present powers of ultimate authority to any committee, however picked and expert, of their own members, and I am also doubtful whether the clubs which now manage the two Championships would care to resign that management into the sole hands of St. Andrews. My own scheme goes on the line of least resistance, and would necessitate but a small and moderate change in the constitution of the general meeting at St. Andrews. I fear that there are too many antagonistic interests to conciliate to permit of Mr. Fowler's plan being realised.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

ROWING

Imitating the Belgians

It was inevitable that the Belgians should find imitators in this country, and it certainly is a sound principle that the loser of any contest should seek the reason of his defeat and adopt the methods to which his opponent's superiority was due. But it is useless to copy non-essentials. How often does one see a tenth-rate golfer sedulously, but ineffectually, imitating some little peculiarity in the grip or swing of a great player; and I cannot help thinking that that was the case with the Thames crew at Staines Regatta last Saturday week, who used short, wide oars and swivel rowlocks, and did all their work in front of the riggers. The experiment with the oars was unobjectionable, though it has often been tried before and found wanting, but the other two devices seem to be contrary to all sound principles. Theoretically, swivels are slightly better than fixed rowlocks, but if they are used it is impossible to get the sharp click of the oar against the thole-pin, which is so invaluable in getting the finish together. As to the other peculiarity, it can be demonstrated mathematically that the power is employed to the best advantage when the oars are square with the rowlocks, and that if they come too far forward the first part of the stroke is devoted to pinching the sides of the boat together, and not to propelling it onwards. By all means imitate the Belgians, but their victories were not due to such devices as these.

Lord Desborough

The President of the Thames Punting Club, and himself a former champion, umpired the Amateur Punting Championship races

SHOOTING

Unfortunate Incidents at Bisley

I hope that steps will be taken next year to prevent the recurrence of the two unfortunate incidents which happened at Bisley. Whether the range officer who allowed Padgett an extra shot misunderstood the rules or omitted to verify the alleged misfire by looking at the cartridge, such mistakes ought not to be possible in the last stage of the King's Prize. And certainly something ought to be done to keep the spectators from encroaching on the firing point. I believe that no one who had any chance of the first prize was interfered with, but this year there were only five points between the bottom of the £10 list and the top of the £5, and it may well be that some of the men lost a fiver each through the inconsiderate action of the crowd.

The Punting Amateur Championships at Shepperton: The finish of the Doubles Match

The winners of the Doubles match were F. Covell and H. S. Jaffe, who were successful in beating J. H. Secker and H Bennett

J. H. Secker

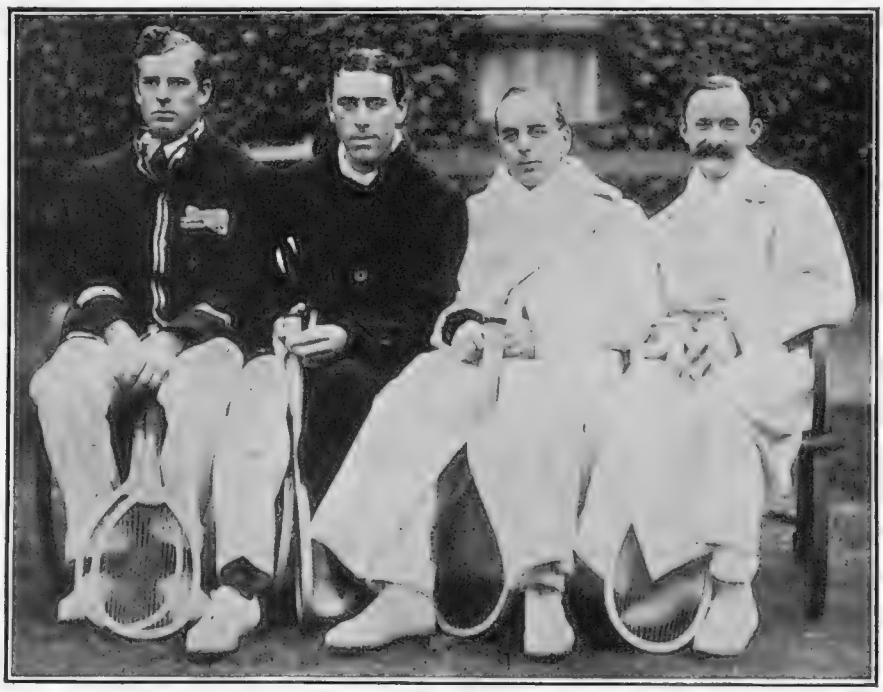
The winner of the Singles in the Punting Championships. He beat F. Covell by four lengths

LAWN TENNIS

Cup-Tie Congratulations

Any regrets that the English lawn tennis community may feel over the loss of the Davis Cup are almost entirely effaced by admiration for the splendid way in which our men played. The prophets prophesied that they would be beaten all ends up; whereas, in fact, if Roper Barrett had only had a little bit more luck in his match with Wilding, the rubber might have been ours. In the year when the Davis Cup was first instituted (1900), Gore and Barrett were members of the English team which unsuccessfully attempted to bring the Cup away from America. Seven years later, it has been their fate to be on

the losing side again; but it will always be remembered in their favour that, when England was in a very tight place, they came forward cheerfully to fight her cause, while other, and perhaps better, men were content to sit and look on. All the more because it was something of a forlorn hope, I should dearly like to have seen them win; but, since they haven't, I cannot grudge Australasia her victory. I know how keen Brookes was on winning, and I am glad that so fine a player should have his desire. He fought like a hero all through, fearlessly, relentlessly, determined that, whatever happened, nobody should say that he had not done *his* bit properly. And even if Australasia had lost, she could still have boasted that she possesses the greatest player in the world.



The Fight for the Davis Cup: The victors and the vanquished

Left to Right: A. F. Wilding and Norman Brookes (Australasia), Roper Barrett and A. W. Gore (England)

Though Australasia have won the Davis Cup, it is a satisfaction to feel that England, contrary to gloomy prophecies, made an excellent fight, and with a little more luck might have proved the victors

PUNTING

The Amateur Championships

By winning the Thames Punting Championship at Shepperton last week, J. H. Secker brought his total of consecutive victories up to four, and thereby tied with the record of C. R. Mullings. Secker is such a flyer that the fact that only two men, F. C. Covell and A. Gordon Dickson, entered the lists is not to be wondered at. In the final against Covell he punted magnificently. He led from the start, and though not much ahead at the turn, drew steadily away all through the homeward journey and won by several lengths. In the double punting, however, Covell, partnered by H. J. Jaffe, turned the tables on Secker, whose partner was A. Bennett, after a very fine race. Covell and Jaffe got away very smartly, and were leading at the turn, when the others made a great effort. Secker was shoving at a tremendous pace, and Bennett had some difficulty in keeping time with him. They were, however, coming up rapidly when Bennett, in pinching the punt hard, fell and nearly went overboard. He picked himself up quickly, but the lost ground could not be made up, and although the pair put in all they knew, Covell and Jaffe got home 3ft. ahead in the good time of 4 min. 21 sec. The entries for the non-championship events were more numerous than ever. The Novices and Open Juniors were both won by P. F. Wingrave, who not only punted extremely well, but exhibited remarkable staying power, for he punted five heats in all and at least two of them were very punishing races. After the recent rains the stream was running strongly, and this meant very hard work on the return journey.

CANOEING

A Win for England

Amidst all the outcry about the decadence of England in International contests, it is gratifying to note that the Old Country can still hold her own at the eminently British sport of canoe-sailing, which has reached a high pitch of perfection as regards both the design and build of the boats themselves and also the skilful manner in which they are handled. The matches were sailed at Langston Harbour last week, and in each of the first two, the English canoe *Kismet* was the winner, so the International trophy is saved to England for another year. Of the challenging nations, two — Belgium and Italy — relied on English-built boats. Both of them were, in fact, as near sister-ships as may be to *Kismet*, and designed, like her, by Mr. Linton Hope. The American canoe was, however, of a different type, and might have been more successful if her owner, Mr. Burgess, had been a heavier man; for being a more beamy canoe than the English type, she was more crank, and needed (in default of a good heavy bulb keel) a man of about 13 st. on board to "sit her up." The German competitor was likewise said to present some entirely novel features of design, but, unfortunately, in the building of her the limitation imposed upon beam by the rules of the competition was overlooked, and she was not eligible to compete; while the French boat's chances were eclipsed by her not arriving in time for the first race. In this race, which was sailed in a light wind, *Kismet* won by 3 min. 31 sec. from the Italian *Comacina*, with the American *Rosamond* third, 47 sec. later; while in the second race, for which there was a moderate breeze, *Kismet* was over 9 min. ahead of *Rosamond*, with *Comacina* third.

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The most pressing problem to the motorist, whether he be the wealthy owner of a large car or the man of moderate means, is that of fuel. The price of petrol has increased so rapidly that to-day 3*s.* for a two-gallon tin is the price ordinarily paid. In 1904 the cost was 10*d.* per gallon, and the price has steadily risen to its present ruinous height.

* * *

The reasons for the rise are partly due to the existence of two enormous companies, who practically control the output. The power and wealth of the Standard Oil Trust are known to everyone; but it may not be so generally known that recently the other huge concern, the "Shell" Company, Ltd., has amalgamated with the Royal Dutch Companies, and that the capitalisation of the joint concerns now amount to over ten million pounds sterling. Think of that, ye small-fry motorists!

* * *

It is unlikely that petrol has yet reached its highest limit in price. With the control in the hands of two such vast concerns as those alluded to, there is no reason why the user of petrol should not be further squeezed—that is, until some alternative fuel be adopted. The Fuels Committee of the Motor Union has just published a very important and interesting report on the result of the committee's exhaustive inquiry into the matter. The conclusion which most impressed the committee was that a petrol famine appears to be inevitable in the near future, as the demand is increasing at a rate far in excess of the supply, whilst the sources of supply are only now sufficient to meet the local demand, and are becoming depleted. It is curious that petrol, before the advent of the motor, almost a waste product of the crude mineral oil, is now one of its most precious components.

* * *

Unless vast fresh wells yielding petrol are discovered—and something may be expected from the fields in Mexico and Peru—it is very necessary that competent substitutes be utilised. There are several alternatives, but the three most suitable are paraffin, benzol, and alcohol. Paraffin is already used in a few cars, though as yet without any great success; however, the Motor Union propose to hold competitions, and award prizes for paraffin carburettors and vaporisers. Benzol has been used of late with success, and if mixed with alcohol it more nearly approaches the ordinary hydrocarbon fuels. It can be purchased retail at about 10*d.* per gallon, but crude benzol contains a certain amount of foreign matter in combination with sulphur, which gives it an unpleasant smell. Benzol will carburate air in an ordinary petrol carburettor, but its specific gravity is much higher than that of petrol, which may necessitate an adjustment of the float of the carburettor.

Car-icature—No. XXXVII: Mr. T. W. Staplee Firth

The honorary solicitor to the Royal Automobile Club is the sworn foe of anti-motorist magistrates, and his eloquence and astuteness have many a time defeated their ignorance and prejudice. As a yachtsman and fisherman he is well known, but his chief hobby is engineering

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

But the best fuel of all for motor purposes, and one, moreover, unlimited in quantity, is alcohol, which is distilled from beet, peat, or potatoes. The thermal efficiency of alcohol is 35 per cent. against 20 per cent. or less in petrol, and this greatly reduces the chances of overheating; it provides a better combustion than petrol, the engine is more flexible, and there is no offensive smell in the exhaust. The only points in which alcohol is supposed to be inferior to petrol as a fuel are the corrosive effect, starting from cold and vaporisation; but all these three difficulties can be easily overcome.

* * *

Why is not alcohol in use? In Germany, whose Government looks ahead, extensive experiments have been conducted in alcohol with great success. In America cars driven by alcohol are plentiful. Ireland, the "disthressful country," and Essex, perhaps the poorest of our counties, are able to grow potatoes and beet to any extent. Here lies the way to their prosperity to an amount that is beyond the imagination. Why is nothing done? Because of the uncompromising attitude of the Excise authorities. The cost of distilling alcohol amounts to 11½*d.* per gallon, but if the Government were to encourage the production it could be done for less. And if the Government allowed untaxed alcohol to be used for light, heat,

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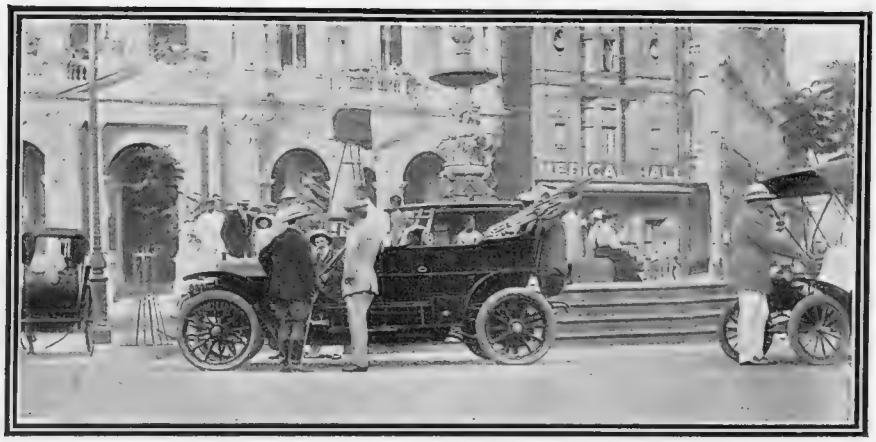

A Prominent Member of the Singapore Automobile Club

The Sultan of Johore (with his right arm on his Fiat car) talking to a brother motorist

or power, it would confer an immense boon, and benefit a very large proportion of the population.

* * *

At first sight, any connection between motoring and consumption seems to be lacking, yet an interesting point has recently been scientifically proved that motoring is a further means towards stamping out this dread scourge. Only those who have studied the increase in the mortality from tuberculosis in the big towns of Great Britain can realise the extent of its growth and the importance of providing every efficient check to a disease which has attacked so much of the youth of our country. In view of this, it is extremely interesting to read in the *British Medical Journal* a report on two specimens of the blood of Mr. S. F. Edge, taken immediately before and after his famous twenty-four hours' drive on a six-cylinder Napier on the Brooklands track. The specimen that was taken before the ride was found to be 0·85, while the other specimen, taken directly after, gave 1·17. The *British Medical Journal* remarks on this: "That the power of resistance of the tubercle bacillus should be raised after the long journey is very noteworthy, and helps to strengthen the opinion held by many of us that motoring is an effective treatment in some cases of tuberculosis." The open-air treatment is now recognised by experts to be probably the only means of curing consumption, and the quick passage through the air in a motor is probably a far greater benefit to such cases than is at present realised.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXXVII.: Mr. Staplee Firth

One of the most indispensable accessories to the motorist is sound and skilled legal advice. In this direction the subject of this week's Car-icature, Mr. T. W. Staplee Firth, honorary solicitor to the Royal Automobile Club, has been heard in various Courts throughout the land with no uncertain voice. An ardent automobilist since emancipation year, Mr. Staplee Firth has made himself a past-master of the various technicalities and points with which the Acts of Parliament dealing with the use of light locomotives on highways so freely bristle, and his eloquence and astuteness have, time and again, defeated magisterial ignorance and prejudice. On one memorable occasion Mr. Staplee Firth scored a distinct success, when he won an appeal at Quarter Sessions, and obtained an order against a certain Bench of Magistrates on the direct ground of prejudice against motorists. Automobilism does not, however, monopolise the abundant energy of Mr. Staplee Firth. As a yachtsman and a fisherman he is well known, but, perhaps, his principal hobby is engineering. At his residence he has fitted up an amateur machine "shop," where many highly interesting and valuable experiments in motor mechanics are conducted, and where in leisure hours he is fond of expounding to his friends the mysteries of the internal-combustion engine and its complicated workings.

D. M.

* * *

Miscellanea

Our dependencies abroad provide a large and growing market for those cars which the more fastidious Britisher at home prefers to discard in favour of newer models, but though the British exile may have to be content with old models, his enthusiasm does not abate one jot. In nearly every big town abroad where the British flag flies there is now an automobile club. I am publishing this week photographs of a meet of the Singapore Automobile Club outside the G.P.O. at Singapore. The Sultan of Johore it shown in his Fiat. Of the moderate-priced small-power cars the most popular probably are Argylls,

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The First Meet of the Singapore Automobile Club

That motoring is growing in the Far East is well demonstrated by the large turn out of cars, as depicted above, at Singapore recently

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Photo *Topical Agency*

To dope, or not to dope?

This weighty question, whether competitors at Brooklands may increase their engine-power by the use of oxygen, a cylinder of which can be seen by the driver's seat in the above photograph, was finally settled by a new rule last week which forbade the practice

Rovers, Darracqs, and De Dions, but the sportsman who cannot afford these cars even will put up with anything that has four wheels and an engine. He gets the benefit of the shade at all events when he has to grovel beneath his car to see what is wrong!

The Motor-Yacht Club are holding their annual reliability trials in Southampton Water from Monday till Thursday this week; and, as there has been an excellent entry, the trials will, no doubt, prove very enjoyable.

I publish a picture of the oxygen cylinder, a photograph of the Junior Car at Brooklands. Since there has been somewhat of a furore created in the Press by the use of oxygen cylinders, by which speed may be accelerated in the event of a close finish, the photograph of the cylinder may interest our readers.

The Rolls-Royce six-cylinder "Silver Ghost" car, which is now undergoing a very severe official trial of 15,000 miles, is still going well. On Friday last the car had accomplished 10,000 miles non-stop, thus beating the previous world's record by 3,000 miles. The Rolls-Royce Company, who are nothing if not enterprising, are issuing each week a charmingly got up little diary, which gives full particulars of each day's run.

Although the second race meeting held on the Brooklands Track, Weybridge, on Saturday, July 20, did not draw a large crowd, sufficient excitement was served out to the two thousand or so spectators, especially at the moment when one car took fire, and when another car ran backwards over the embankment. It is noteworthy that Dunlop tyres secured the entire monopoly of the wins, the winning cars in each event being fitted with these tyres.

I have just received the 1907 edition of "The Motoring Annual and Motorist's Year Book" (*Motoring Illustrated*: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is, indeed, an encyclopædia of the year's automobilism, and besides a wealth of other information it contains a most useful motorists' "Who's Who."

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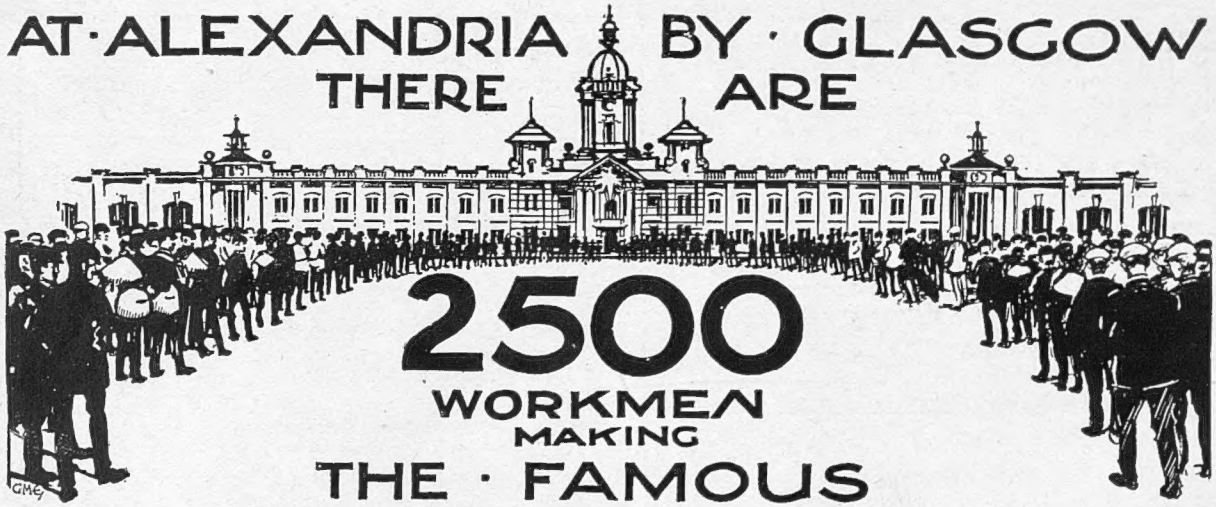

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G.W.R.

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COUPON BYSTANDER

The £50,000 Verdict

Probably few people will regret the result of Mr. Lever's libel action against the *Daily Mail*. The damages certainly sound enormous, but the fact that Mr. Rufus Isaacs consented to a verdict for £50,000 fairly warrants the inference that the jury would very likely have awarded a still larger sum if the case had been tried out. And it is impossible to say that they would have been wrong. As a rule in libel cases, even where heavy damages are given, the jury have very few definite figures to go upon, and can only make a shot at the proper amount of compensation; but here the plaintiff was able to show an actual loss of more than the amount of the verdict in depreciation of the shares of his company, without allowing anything for the injury to his personal reputation. This is a remarkable illustration of the enormous power, for good or ill, which is possessed by a modern daily newspaper, and still more of the utter recklessness with which that power is sometimes used. The *Daily Mail* determined to attack the proposed Soap Trust, an enterprise which was perfectly legitimate in itself, but which it sought to carry out by disseminating day by day and week by week statements that Mr. Lever and the other members of the Trust were cheating the public over the weight of soap, had cornered the supply of raw materials, were dismissing their workpeople wholesale, and were attempting to bribe the Press A weighty indictment truly, if it could have been substantiated; but its authors were eventually compelled to admit that it was untrue from beginning to end.

The Prostitution of Journalism

Such charges as these are a prostitution of journalism. One of the most valuable functions of the Press is to make fearless attacks upon individuals and institutions whose actions are, or are likely to become, detrimental to the public welfare. How many people have had occasion to bless Mr. Labouchere for his weekly exposures of bogus charities, rapacious moneylenders, fraudulent bucket-shops, and so forth, in the pages of *Truth*? But the more serious the charge, the more scrupulous ought to be the care with which it is investigated beforehand in order to see whether it is true. In this case the allegations were most serious—the personal honour of the plaintiff and the prosperity, if not the solvency, of a great industrial concern were at stake; some of the charges, notably that of dismissing employés, were of such a kind that their truth or falsity would have been readily discovered by any intelligent reporter; yet, nevertheless, no adequate investigation was made, and a tissue of complete falsehoods was circulated over the length and breadth of the land. It is true that the defendants eventually made all the reparation in their power by unreservedly withdrawing all the accusations, expressing their sincere regret, and consenting to pay an unprecedented sum by way of damages, but that was months afterwards. The impossibility of catching up a lie that has had a few hours' start is proverbial, and it may well be that even now there are some people who think that there must have been some foundation for attacks so categorical and so long persisted in.

"Write It Up"

It is said that the great maxim of modern journalism is "Write it up," and I cannot help thinking it is to a mistaken application of this principle that such episodes as these owe their origin. "Writing up" is an essential ingredient in almost every form of composition, but it does not include the use of statements which are either groundless or imperfectly authenticated. A narrative of bare facts must of necessity be bald and unconvincing to any reader, except the historian or statistician, but the "corroborative detail" which (to quote Gilbert's phrase) "is calculated to afford it artistic verisimilitude" ought to be real, and not imaginary.

Photo *Tresca*

Fun in the Foam at Trouville